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Lessons of the Future

Politicians should never read history books; and they should cultivate short memories. Many owe their downfall to misguided attempts to translate the lessons of the past into current policies. At Munich, Chamberlain tried desperately not to repeat the errors of 1914, and fell into worse ones. Over Suez, Eden rode to disaster pursued by the shadow of Chamberlain. Today, Krushchev's obsessive fears of encirclement have their roots in a young man's memories of 1919. America, too, is a prisoner of its past. Indeed, unless we make allowances for this, some aspects of American policy seem not merely indefensible but inexplicable. Why send the H-bomb fleets hurtling towards the Soviet Union on the mere evidence of a fallible radar-screen? And why, when every second holds incalculable peril, impede the path to the Summit with weary months of preliminary negotiations? No doubt the mentality of Mr Dulles – a man self-dedicated to what he regards as a crusade against absolute evil – provides part of the explanation. But most Americans do not see the world in such black-and-white terms. How is it, then, that they broadly agree with Dulles's policies? Once again, we must look to history.

America entered the world stage against her will, rudely dragged there by the unprovoked aggression of Pearl Harbour. Pearl Harbour, indeed, provides the point of departure for American geostrategy, and inevitably its physical details have been elevated in American military minds to axioms of policy. At Pearl Harbour, a great part of the US Air Force was destroyed on the ground by a surprise attack. It is the fear that such a catastrophe will be repeated – and in an age when America itself is immediately vulnerable – which dominates the thinking of the Pentagon and the Strategic Air Command. Hence the permanent H-bomb patrols and the perilous sorties across the North Pole. A successful Soviet surprise attack is seen as the supreme risk, compared with which all others, including the accidental outbreak of war, are routine.

The State Department, too, has its neurosis: Yalta. To American diplomats, the post-war strength of the Soviet Union is explained as the direct consequence of a disastrous Summit conference, at which a sick and gullible American president was persuaded to make crucial political concessions. Once again, it is the fear that the catastrophe will repeat itself which conditions US diplomatic strategy. Mr Dulles will at last allow the ailing Eisenhower to go to the Summit: but only if the meeting is a formal conference, called to ratify decisions reached by hard bargaining at a lower level. Hence his insistence that the substance of the topics to be discussed should be broached at ambassadorial or foreign minister's level. In no circumstances will he permit Eisenhower to enter into direct negotiations with Krushchev; for he fears that from such conversations broad agreements would emerge, involving important sacrifices of American principles, which he and the Pentagon would subsequently have to repudiate.

The strategy of both the Pentagon and the State Department is based on the same fallacy: the assumption that history repeats itself. The Russians are not planning a surprise attack on America, if only for the reason that, even were it successful, it could not ultimately be profitable to them. As Krushchev has repeatedly and convincingly emphasised, there are other and far more effective means of winning the contest with the West. Equally, a Summit conference would have nothing in common with Yalta. Yalta was the Versailles of the Second World War, the conference which divided the spoils. But today there are no spoils to divide. On the contrary, the basic function of a Summit conference is to inaugurate a mutual retreat, however gradual, from the Cold War parapet, to dismantle the military relics of the pre-H-bomb age, and so clear the ground for the continuation of the East-West struggle with the weapons of competitive prosperity. America may feel herself ill-equipped to enter this new phase. But she has no alternative. It has already begun, and if she struggles against the tide of events, she will merely weaken her capacity to survive it. Her wisest course is to accept the new Soviet challenge, and to harness her immense physical resources and national vitality to the task of responding to it. But for this she must not look to the past for guidance.

Comments on the Week's News

Tito in Trouble

The almost unanimous Communist decision to boycott the Yugoslav party congress surprised Belgrade as much as the 1948 Cominform resolution. The Yugoslavs were aware that the Russians did not care for some of the formulations used in the new party programme – an elaborate document which states the Yugoslav theory of contemporary Socialism at length and must be carefully studied – but the substance of the Yugoslav position was made clear to the 'fraternal parties' in Moscow last November, when the Yugoslav delegates refused to sign the joint manifesto. Since then, the Yugoslavs had hoped that they had come to an accommodation with Mr Krushchev. Now, once again, they find themselves sharply criticised for 'revisionism', for refusing unreserved support for 'proletarian internationalism', for differing with the official Soviet view of 'equal relations' between the Socialist states, and for criticising certain aspects of Soviet foreign policy. These are serious charges. Are they a sign that Soviet policy is now hardening again? The Yugoslavs have found in the past that Moscow's attitude towards them was a good barometer for the storms and fair periods of the Cold War. Or is this new pressure mainly derived from Mr Krushchev's campaign for 'Leninist unity' – a slogan which is being applied both in the USSR and eastern Europe in an effort to heal the breach between the old-guard Stalinists, who still hold powerful positions throughout the party apparatus, and the 'revisionists' who continue to be troublesome?

A Strike Averted

Mr Macmillan may well be content with the result of his talk with the railway unions and Sir Brian Robertson. Helped, no doubt, by the reluctance of the unions to call a risky and unpopular strike, and by Sir Brian's desire to get concessions both from the men and the government, the Prime Minister seems to have secured a novel settlement of the dispute. The unions, in effect, have been given a post-dated cheque for a wage increase – but on condition that they accept the changes in working methods and the cuts in redundant services which will enable the Transport Commission to meet their claim. The Commission, for its part, is to be permitted to speed up the modernisation programme – but on condition that it makes substantial economies. The government will presumably make more money available, either in the form of a loan or by restoring some or all the investment cuts previously imposed upon the Commission. The details remain to be settled in the next two weeks, but it is clear that agreement has been reached on the broad outlines of a settlement. Understandably, the railwaymen may be disappointed, and the union leaders have yet to carry their members with them. But, for all the good grounds on which the railwaymen based their claim, they had little choice unless they were prepared to risk all on a strike which might have been unsuccessful and would, in any case, have accelerated the drift of traffic away from the railways. While Sir Brian and the unions work on the details – they got down to it immediately after meeting the Prime Minister – Mr Cousins has less than two weeks to find a solution to the London bus dispute. His task has not been made easier because the busmen are once again on their own.

Arm-twisting in Aden

Press reports have given the impression that Lahej, in the western Aden protectorate, is a wild tribal area, and that the current military operations by British forces are merely a 'police action'. This is a misleading picture, which the Colonial Office, significantly, has made no attempt to correct. In fact, Lahej is the capital of the Abdali state, which is the richest and most important in the western protectorate; it is also, being the nearest to Aden colony itself, the most advanced and settled. Lahej has an intermediate (secondary) school, with 400 pupils, and the Sultan, Sir Ali Abdul Karim, is the paramount chief of the western protectorate. He has a legally constituted Cabinet and a legislative council. The present conflict springs from the Governor of Aden's attempt to impose federation on the protectorate states. The leadership of the federation was refused to the Sultan of Lahej because as a young (35) pan-Arabist, he is regarded as too pro-Nasser to be 'reliable'. Not unnaturally, therefore, he refused to join the federation. At this point the mystery begins. The Sultan cannot legally revoke his treaty with the British government without previously entering into negotiations. He appears to have come to Aden with this intention, and with the backing of his Cabinet. The Governor's response was to occupy Lahej with troops and issue warrants for the arrest of three Cabinet ministers. Legally, only the Sultan can arrest or dismiss his ministers. The Governor's action was thus *ultra vires*, and the Colonial Office, in its official statement, attempted to gloss over this by referring to the three men as 'persons'. The Sultan himself seems to be under duress in Aden. What in fact the British government has done, therefore, is to reduce an 'independent' principality to the status of a colony. No doubt the distinction is not very sharp to the men on the spot; but the rest of the world is sure to regard the British action as a characteristic piece of 'imperial' bullying.

The End of the Rebellion

With the fall of Padang, the two months' old rebellion in Sumatra seems likely to peter out. There remains a hard core of resistance, but divisions among the leaders and the lack of popular support will prevent any serious guerilla warfare. The politicians whose pressure on the military sparked off the rebellion will have to return to the political field or waste their abilities in exile. Fortunately the government in Djakarta is already holding out an olive branch, and President Sukarno is expected to announce governmental changes which would mean more power for men – Dr Hatta, in particular – who support the Sumatran demands, but who were against their military tactics. For the rebellion in Sumatra and in Sulawesi (where the situation remains confused) was based on real needs which Djakarta was far too slow to recognise. More than this, the rebellion showed how easily Indonesia might become a battleground for the cold war. 'All-out foreign support could have turned internal conflict into a world war. I was afraid of it', said Foreign Minister Subandrio this week. If the Seventh Fleet had moved, the Chinese were on the doorstep, and the reckless propaganda from Peking throughout the rebellion left no doubts of Chinese policy.

Cloud Over Malta

The resignation of Dom Mintoff and the Maltese Cabinet seems certain to produce further months of deadlock. Three choices face the Governor. He may persuade the opposition leader, Dr Borg Olivier, to form a caretaker government until elections are held; if his persuasion fails, Mr Mintoff will presumably ask for a dissolution, and continue the administration until after the elections; or the Governor may take direct control of the administration himself. In any case, an election must be held in the immediate future, and it is virtually certain that Mintoff and his Labour Party will win it. If Borg Olivier were clever enough and sufficiently courageous to form a temporary government, thereby enabling him to fight the elections as prime minister and ask for a mandate to put into operation the five-year trial agreement, he might secure considerable support from a Maltese electorate anxious about its economic future. But Borg Olivier is scarcely capable of this. It thus appears almost certain that Mr Mintoff will secure a mandate from the Maltese people for the alternative of independence or integration on his own terms. This will leave the situation precisely where it is now, except that further bitterness against Britain will have been provoked. What will the British do then? Are we prepared to face the possibility of a semi-Cyprus situation or are we praying for some miracle to appear out of the blue? The British government seems to be closing its eyes to the realities of the problem, whilst Mr Mintoff is apparently still confused between getting his own way and a realistic appraisal of the economic future. There might be some point in trying Mr Griffiths' proposal of another all-party delegation to seek some constructive compromise.

Racial Currents in Africa

During the past week events in South, Central and East Africa reveal dangerous currents menacing the whole future of the continent. The South African elections have established a virtually single-party state. Overwhelming victory for the Nationalists, along with the acceptance by the United Party of the whole apartheid basis, ensures that the white community will use its political power even more violently to destroy every means of Non-European expression or action. No longer will there be any members elected by the white community prepared to voice rational criticism of the gadarene march of European society, for the two Labour members were both defeated, and the Liberal candidates lost their deposits. The only voices of sanity left in Parliament are the few Native representatives, and even their political existence is likely to be cut short soon.

This same tendency towards separated racial forces has simultaneously appeared in Southern Rhodesia. The defeat of the new Premier, Sir Edgar Whitehead, clearly shows that even the moderate economic progress of Africans sponsored by the United Federal Party is unacceptable to white Rhodesians. Conversely, the Africans in Kenya are consolidating as a racial group and accusing of treachery any of its members who are prepared to co-operate in gradualism. At the same time the leading European liberal, Mr Vasey, has been defeated in the Legislative Council 'cross-bench' election which was boycotted by the African members.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Omaha

The Hot Line

A Correspondent writes from Omaha: The most important telephone in the United States is painted bright red. The most important thing to the whole world is that it should never be used, because this 'Hot Line', located in the headquarters building of the Strategic Air Command, exists to carry the orders that would start H-bombers on missions of total destruction.

Twenty-four hours round the clock a senior officer sits within reach of the red telephone. If he gets a warning he simply dials five digits. This puts him in touch with each of SAC's numbered air force headquarters. By dialling five more digits he is connected to the control room at each SAC base in the United States. This is a matter of 30 seconds. Within 15 minutes the alert force can be airborne.

Offutt Air Base, near Omaha, Nebraska, is a bleak spot in the middle of cattle country, freezing in winter, sizzling in summer. The man in command is General Power, who led the first big fire-bomb raid on Tokyo, and witnessed the bomb-tests at Bikini. General Power has control over 32 bases in the United States and 27 elsewhere. Dispersed over these bases are 2,500 combat aircraft, that is, bombers and refuelling tankers. Each bomber is equipped to carry a hydrogen bomb. If the Russians decide to attack they have got to destroy 59 bases simultaneously. If they fail to do this they have to consider that a mere 20 B47s carry the equivalent in destructive power of 200 million B17s. One SAC bomber can unleash more destructive power in its one bomb than all the raids of World War II put together.

It is General Power's job to have SAC's bombers ready to deliver the bomb · he aims at a system by which one-third of the entire force is on the alert 24 hours a day – either in the air, or parked at the end of runways, their crews working in shifts, sleeping and eating near their aircraft, in case that red telephone rings. General Power can order the force into the air. But the order to attack and bomb can come only from one man, the President of the United States. Since this alert system assumes that SAC can count on no more than 15 minutes warning it is obvious that the President will have to do some very quick thinking in an emergency. Just how he keeps in touch from a golf course is a matter not raised in SAC's handouts to the press.

The SAC 'press kit' is an impressive collection of documents. The Pentagon seems anxious that the world should know how much retaliatory power is available to it, and correspondents who make the long pilgrimage to the austere headquarters at Offutt are well treated and 'briefed' by efficient and apparently dedicated officers. They are wined in the plush new officers' mess bar, where it is the custom to roll dice for the bill, and dined in equally elegant surroundings.

The highlight of the trip is a tour of the control centre, buried 45 feet beneath the earth. This is really like any modern operations centre, littered with communications machinery and decorated with the maps on which the positions of SAC's aircraft are charted. A bunk of clocks give the time in Tokyo and Guam, and in London, Omsk and Moscow. Today they tick away the hours of peace. But there is also a small red box marked 00:00. Should it begin to move it would mean that we were at war. Of course, the control centre is not bombproof, but it is a very long way from anything. At least it was. Today General Power claims that his aim of one-third of his force on the alert and off in 15 minutes is specifically tailored to meet the ballistic missile threat. He feels that it is technically feasible to get 15 minutes' warning. He means 15 minutes' warning in Offutt, Omaha, not in London, England.

General Power should know what he is talking about. But there are factors which must make him feel less confident. Warning systems are based on intelligence and radar. In the nature of things any intense activity by an enemy would change the pattern of radio traffic: the trick of the game, however, is to set up dummy patterns and thus reduce the chances of correct interpretation. It would not be surprising, for instance, to find that an actual attack was preceded by a series of dummy runs, each similar in pattern though different in detail. How then would one know how to detect the real thing? The real thing is the presence of hostile aircraft over territory where they should not be. Theoretically the radar system should detect them. But no system is foolproof, and some of the deficiences in the Dew-Line have already been revealed.

Within a short time the Russians will have missiles capable of delivering an H-bomb with tolerable accuracy. Where will their launching sites be? In Russia, in Poland, where they are separated from America by at least 15 minutes of air time? Or will they be in submarines, a few miles outside New York harbour? You don't need accuracy when you can almost see the whites of your enemy's eyes.

New York

Dr Teller's Gaffe

In the current debate over nuclear testing, sweet reason is being given none too high a priority. When a group of eminent citizens, headed by Norman Cousins, took a full-page advertisement to urge suspension of the scheduled tests at Eniwetok, it was perhaps inevitable that they would strike the *Daily News* as being 'as nutty as so many fruitcakes'. What was less to be expected perhaps, was that so distinguished a scientist as Dr Edward Teller would demonstrate the triumph of bias over logic.

Dr Teller appeared before the Senate subcommittee on disarmament to refute the view of its chairman, Hubert Humphrey, that 'we have more to gain from a cessation of tests than anyone else'. The 'father of the H-bomb' started off by asserting that if we suspend tests now, 'we may be sacrificing millions of lives in a 'dirty' nuclear war later. There was nothing new about this, since pursuit of the clean bomb has for some time been the chief justification of the pro-testing party. But by the time Teller left the witness stand there seemed less distinction than ever between clean and dirty explosions.

Ever since the Russians' unilateral renunciation of testing, Humphrey has been trying to undo their propaganda victory by a shrewd, two-pronged attack. The United States should not merely call off further tests, he proposes, but should make the most of what he has reason to believe is a verifiable fact – that the recent Soviet series of explosions were the dirtiest, in the sense of dangerous radioactive fallout, that the world has yet had. A 'catastrophic accident', reported by way of Copenhagen, he said, had virtually compelled cessation of the Russian tests, and the Soviet leaders merely made a virtue of necessity. If the Administration were to verify this story and combine its publication with suspension of the Eniwetok tests, there would be little left of the Soviet pretensions, and every prospect for a fresh start toward international nuclear controls.

It was at this point, unhappily, that Dr Teller fell into a trap of his own making. The dangers of fall-out, he said, had been exaggerated. There was no real proof, as yet, that fall-out from testing would cause diseases of blood and bone (as though tobacco companies were solemnly to warn us against the abandonment of smoking on the ground that cigarettes just might not cause cancer after all). Radioactivity, he went on, might eventually produce 'many thousands' of mutations, it was true – but then, mutations were not necesarily all bad. And finally, even the recent Russian tests had only produced enough radioactivity, he thought, to shorten human lives by something less than a single day's time. But if this was true of explosions described by Humphrey as 'the dirtiest ever', what becomes of the noble and imperative search for the 'clean bomb'?

No realist here expects the Eniwetok tests to be called off, but the climate of opinion does seem to be changing. Recent remarks by the President and Secretary of State reflect a general uneasiness over the possible effects of continued fall-out and at least a possibility that the US will announce an end to testing after the series in the Pacific.

Westminster

"I Say, Old Boy"

Obviously, Mr Heathcoat Amory has given way. His proposal for retrospective legislation created a Tory resistance movement which grew with each passing day until he realised that, if he persisted, only the most determined of party hacks would support him. So on Monday he said, amid loud government cheers, that he would 'give further thought to this difficult but important question' which, in non-parliamentary language, means 'I will withdraw'.

Some of his opponents inside his own party may well be members who secretly want dividend stripping to continue. But a majority, genuinely supporting the Chancellor in wanting to end this practice, yet feel deeply that his idea of back-dating the ban to 1955 is wrong. On this I think that the opposition agree with them. There may be some circumstances when back-dating is justifiable. If in some sudden financial crisis the actions, hitherto legal, of a financial group threatened the stability of the pound, a Chancellor would surely be justified in saying: 'It will take me a week to get legislation banning this practice through parliament. But I give warning that the legislation, when passed, will apply as from now'.

But generally, a citizen in his relations with the state must be able to assume that, though ethics and conscience may in fact restrain him, so far as the state is concerned he is free to do whatever is not illegal without fear of punishment. That is a fundamental part of the rule of law. Why then did the least tyrannical of Chancellors propose this? He relied on the fact that in the Budget debate of 1955 the then Financial

Secretary to the Treasury, Mr Henry Brooke, had warned dividend strippers that, if they persisted, they would force the government to bring in legislation. This warning had been ignored. Very well! If people persisted in behaving like cads, they must be treated like cads!

But it is, I am afraid, misguided to expect many people whose pockets are being touched to behave like gentlemen. Baldwin behaved like one when, after 1918, he voluntarily handed to the Treasury the extra capital he had accumulated as a result of the war. But normally government by threat, even government by appeal and example, makes little headway. The common reaction is: either this thing is wrong, in which case the government should have the guts to ban it, or it is legal and I can go ahead.

When, after the Budget, the Chancellor met the 1922 Committee, he seemed to be standing his ground, despite the fact that no single backbench speaker supported him. But then the tail began to wag the dog. It was not just that such normally loyal supporters as Sir Toby Low and Mr R. M. Speir publicly announced their opposition during the Budget debate. Even more impressive were the seemingly casual but serious-faced groups who, in twos and threes, stopped the Chancellor in the corridor or waylaid the Chief Whip. There was no violent demonstration, no soul-bearing declarations in the constituencies, such as used to be fashionable in the Labour Party in similar moments of stress. It was just the old 'I say, old boy, I'm afraid you'll have to back down on this . . . I know, I know, but would *you* take notice of anything that Brooke says?. . . No really, old boy, I think you'll have to drop it. Just think what a precedent you'd be setting for the Socialists'. Quiet . . . good natured . . . unsatisfactory for the writers of headlines . . . but ominous for the listening minister. Once again a well tried Tory technique has been effective, and – this time – a good thing too.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Fleet Street

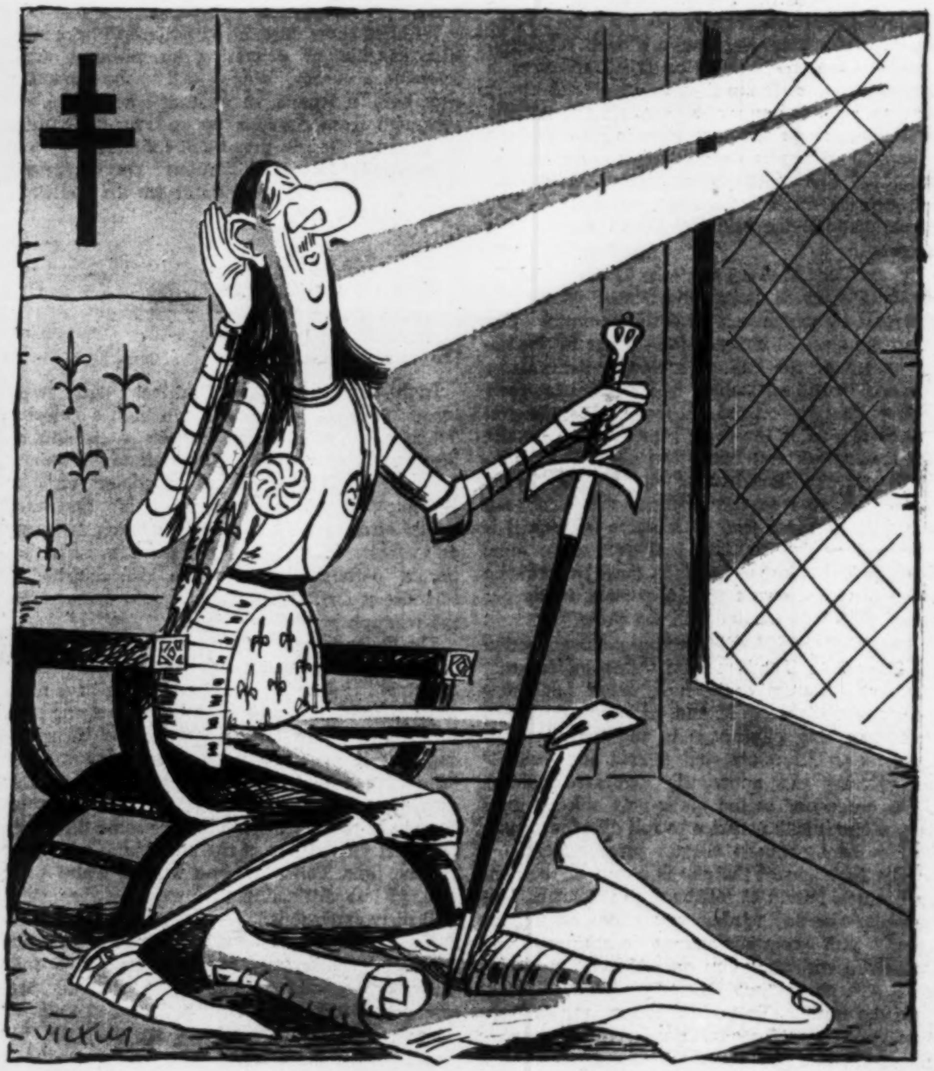
Bits and Pieces

I have recently been following with some interest a modest advertisement campaign in the trade press for the paper which may be said to have launched popular journalism on its present course. I mean, of course, *Tit Bits,* which when George Newnes first started it close on 77 years ago, uncovered for the first time the new post-Education Act market for potted, easily assimilated information on which the whole structure of the modern popular press – including the great Northcliffe empire was subsequently built. Most of the cheap magazines started by eager imitators to stake a claim on the gold mine Newnes discovered have since died – swept away by the onrush of the glossy women's magazines and other similar productions designed for a taste more sophisticated at any rate in make-up and appearance. The most famous of them, Northcliffe's *Answers,* was given a rather inconspicuous funeral a year or two ago. It had, it was said, outlived its times.

But *Tit Bits* continues. Moreover, it not only continues; it still has a circulation of over a million and commands, according to the latest IPA National Readership Survey, a loyal readership of well over 4,000,000. This seems to me to have an interesting social significance in a period which has seen the death of so many well-known and once popular magazines and weeklies of various levels of readership sophistication – as well as the emergence of a few dominant sellers upon which all the resources of technical printing advance in the way of colour and photogravure are lavished. For the survival of *Tit Bits* is not the case of the success of a new paper under an old name. The *Tit Bits* which today sells over a million copies a week at 4d a copy is in most of the fundamentals still very close to the *Tit Bits* which the 30-year-old representative of a London fancy goods firm launched at a penny in Manchester in October 1881, unknowingly starting a revolution in popular journalism as he did so.

It has not, of course, been altogether unchanged by the passage of the years. But it has changed far less than one would imagine. To compare the current issue with one of the early productions of George Newnes at the time when he was upsetting the apple-cart of all the established periodical publishers of his day is to be constantly surprised by the extent to which his basic formula has remained unaffected by time.

First as to format. To get and hold its million readers *Tit Bits* has not apparently found it necessary to make many of those concessions to the popular taste for the plush and glossy which are nowadays regarded as practically mandatory on those who would woo readers. It is still printed not very attractively on newsprint and without colour except for a background of green to the title on the front page. Its illustrations – which often seem to me to come out rather grey – are neither particularly sexy (although it has its quota of pretty girls and film starlets) nor particularly sensational. Its strength, like that of Newnes's first issue, lies primarily in the giving of an assortment of odd bits of information of a kind likely to interest the not very sophisticated or literate reader. A good deal of this information is still given in the form of short, easily digestible paragraphs – about the sculpture Henry Moore has been commissioned to do for the headquarters of Unesco, for instance, or the tools used to split the biggest diamond in the world, or armour-coated police dogs in Kenya, or the man who looks after the gardens on the Queen Elizabeth. Some are linked into an article on a common theme. The current issue opens, for instance, with an article on the front page headed: 'Wed Boss Who Fired Her For Kissing Boy Friend', which turns out in fact to be a series of short anecdotes of men and women who met their future wives or husbands by accident. Another gives a whole string of incidents in which 'broken promises have proved to be boomerangs'. Many of these articles have this footnote: 'All the details given are taken from actual cases'. There are a couple of pages of jokes, all of them on much the same level of unsophistication as the articles and titbits of information, a nature piece about magpies, and two short 'uplift' pieces, one about 'forgiving and forgetting', the other



about 'Turning the Other Cheek'. There are no well-known names among the contributors. Nor is there any attempt to exploit sex or for that matter personalities, although a certain amount of space is given to film gossip and some to ballroom dancing. There are one or two pages on sport and a good deal of attention is given to helping readers with various newspaper competitions – competitions, after all, were one of the foundations of Newnes's early success.

What strikes one most of all, however, is that to judge both from *Tit Bits* format and content the tastes of the 4,000,000 dads and mums and their sons and daughters who make up the remarkably faithful *Tit Bits* family must have altered very much less over the years than most commentators on the social scene would have us believe. Moreover, although one might imagine that *Tit Bits* readership would be mainly among an older generation, this is by no means the case. On the contrary, about a quarter of its readership appears to be in the 16-24 group and something like 65 per cent. are under 45. Most of its readers are in the lower income groups – about 86 per cent. in fact – and it has slightly more men readers than women, the vast majority of them 'home owners' – lower-middle-class families.

It is, on the whole, a cosy and stable, if rather dull and unexciting world to which *Tit Bits* provides a glimpse – a practical, factual world, uninterested in ideas, but kindly, neighbourly, good hearted and unsophisticated. It might drive one mad to live in it. But after the alarms and excursions which make up so much of the world's news it comes as a surprise, and even as something of a relief, to find that it continues to exist at all – and to the extent that it does.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Periphery of China

A FEW days ago Chinese troops started to withdraw from North Korea. By the end of the year all 350,000 of them should be back in China. This is the first instalment of disengagement in practice. And the official reaction from America, whose occupation troops (the rump of the old UN army) are still hanging on in South Korea, was characteristic. The Chinese initiative was treated as a ruse, a 'cunning manœuvre', the stealing of a march. State Department spokesmen pointed out that the Chinese divisions would merely be withdrawing a few miles beyond the border into Manchuria and could easily return, whereas the American troops would have to go away thousands of miles to the US or Okinawa. The US it was bluntly said had no intention of reducing its forces in South Korea.

These geographical facts are, of course, true. But is this kind of rigid reaction to a potent political initiative adequate or realistic on a long-term view? As soon as Chinese troops are all out of North Korea, which will apparently be by the end of this year, the presence of the UN (American) divisions in the south of the country is going to be increasingly resented. Their continued presence, five years after the armistice, is already sufficiently unpopular as several recent developments have shown; and there is already an official demand that American occupation soldiers shall come under the jurisdiction of South Korean courts. The longer American troops remain after the Chinese have withdrawn the more inexorably the tide of opinion in Korea will set against the West and its protegé, Syngman Rhee. (His position, incidentally, has already been appreciably sapped by the election of an opposition Vice-President in 1956 and the resignation last year of several of his ministers, following expressed American intentions to send atomic weapons to South Korea.) The Korean Communists would gain greatly, which would be a pity since the non-Communist South at present outnumbers the Communist-ruled North by three to one.

The unbudging rigidity of Mr Dulles and the Pentagon generals has been relaxed in the latest Korean development to the extent of agreeing to the despatch of a polite note (mainly due to the initiative of London) answering the Chinese-North Korean proposal that free elections under neutral supervision should be held to reunify Korea. The Communists have rightly been asked to elaborate their proposal. Nevertheless US opinion remains convinced that Peking will not agree to free elections in a country where (as in Germany) the Communists would almost certainly lose them. But are the Americans right in such assumptions about Chinese policy? If they are wrong and Peking is really prepared for a free test of opinion in Korea, then the corollary would be the withdrawal of American forces. And there are grounds for believing that Communist China may be in earnest. She may now be ready to envisage the establishment of a non-Communist all-Korean government on two conditions – that it would be friendly to China and that its appearance would bring about the withdrawal of American bases and forces. This would be a pretty good bargain for Peking; but whatever the American military strategists might think about it, the US would have ultimately to accede, just as they have had to accede to the reunification of the tiny kingdom of Laos. In Laos, two of the leaders of the miniature Communist state carved out of the north of Laos in 1954, are now ministers in the coalition cabinet of a reunited country. The Communists – presumably with the agreement of Peking – have given up control of the two provinces which they held, receiving in exchange a share in the government of a Laos reunified but strictly neutralist, and presumably friendly to China. The Communists may want to repeat a solution on Laotian lines in Korea.

For Peking, the effect of the reunification of two divided Asian countries (Laos and Korea) upon the third – Vietnam – might be an additional motive for assenting to free Korean elections. In Vietnam, it is true, if nation-wide elections were held, the Communist Vietminh in the north would have a good chance of gaining a clear majority. But how long will it be in any event before Mr Diem, the Prime Minister of non-Communist South Vietnam, is pressed hard by the demand for reunification through elections, once Korea regains her unity? He has already had a note from North Vietnam asking for an early meeting to discuss questions which would lead to reunification by peaceful means. These are the kind of considerations to which American policy makers should be adjusting their minds.

Is it entirely illogical that Peking should see all the peripheral countries of the land mass of Asia in the same light? If friendly to her, they are bound, by the facts of size and geography, to be within her sphere of influence. Communist they do not need to be, to fulfil these conditions; but they would have to be rid of western bases and forces. The tide of events is slowly but surely moving this way.

Concert of Africa

THAT this conference of independent African States should now be taking place is itself an important fact. Those in the west who still can't help thinking of African states as small boys who ought to touch their caps and say 'Sir' when they speak to a great power have naturally tended hitherto to play the whole thing down; indeed to doubt whether the project was more than Kwame Nkrumah's adolescent dream. But now the dream has become substantial: the eight states are conferring. And, though it is a pity that the two most formidable Presidents – Nasser and Bourguiba – are not here, and Ahmed Balafrej, the very intelligent Moroccan Foreign Minister, has had to return to Rabat to deal with his country's Cabinet crisis, there are enough interesting and able people in positions of power left to ensure that the conference's decisions carry weight: President Tubman of Liberia, for example, and the three Foreign Ministers of the Sudan, Tunisia, and the United Arab Republic – Mohammad Ahmed Mahjoub, Sadok Mokaddem, and Mahmoud Fawzy.

The Pan-African idea goes back at least to the Paris conference of 1919, and a movement and a literature has grown up around it. But the orginal impulse for a conference of this limited and practical kind came from Nkrumah and Bourguiba, when they met at the Ghana independence celebrations in March of last year, and agreed that independent African states had enough in the way of common experience and problems to justify an inter-African grouping within the wider Bandung framework. That there should have been this marriage of Ghanaian and Tunisian minds was natural enough: CPP and Neo-Destour have a similar radical-republican-occidental standpoint. What is interesting is that Moroccans, Libyans, Sudanese, Egyptians, Ethiopians, and Liberians – with their very different traditions, social and political systems, and dominant ideologies – should have taken up the idea so quickly. Ethiopians have conventionally been regarded as Ethiopian rather than African minded; but the leader of the Ethiopian delegation proposed that the next African conference should meet in Addis Ababa. The credit for the efficient organisation of the conference goes mainly to the civil servants and diplomats of the eight states, particularly Ghana, who have been working quietly and hard for months, and have developed their own joint secretariat to handle this great operation. Politically the biggest problem has arisen over the decision to limit the conference to fully sovereign African states, which in practice meant the exclusion of Nigeria and French West Africa, both near-independent states, containing between them a population of 50 million, and occupying a vast stretch of the remaining African land area north of the Equator. No doubt there were sound reasons of protocol for their exclusion. But their participation would certainly have greatly strengthened the conference; and their absence has led, at least in Nigeria, to some hard feeling.

Bandung helped to make Accra possible. But this conference is far from being merely a subcommittee of the Bandung states. The idea that there is a peculiarly African kind of solidarity, expressed by some in the new term 'African personality', was one of the themes of the delegates' opening speeches. This idea is bound to disturb our western presuppositions. We have got used, on the whole, to thinking of the two Africas – Mediterranean and Tropical, Arab and

Negro, Moslem and Missionary – in separate compartments. Research, teaching, journalism, diplomacy, have come to be based upon the same dichotomy. Africanists and Arabists belong to different breeds. But this conference rejects the division, or rather denies its importance. 'The Sahara does not divide us' has been another of its themes. I asked a Ghanaian yesterday if he thought of Tunisians, Libyans, Egyptians, as Africans. 'Of course,' he said, 'if they want to be.' And clearly they do want to be. So, since categories are meant to explain facts, we shall have to modify our categories. So far as one can judge from outside, there is no tendency for an Arab-Moslem versus Negro-Hamitic-Christian alignment to emerge within the conference. All sorts of other alignments are possible. The states which take party politics for granted, and are governed by leaders of mass parties born of national revolutions – Ghana, Tunisia, Morocco, the Sudan – have certain obvious ties. The common principle, rejection of colonialism, may be interpreted in a more radical sense, by the United Arab Republic, or in a more conservative sense, by Ethiopia or Liberia, with the remaining states somewhere in between.

The early stages of this conference have been dominated by the Algerian question. This is not surprising. Here again it is not a matter of the Arab states pushing the non-Arab states to share their chief preoccupation. The kind of comprehensive agenda which confronts the conference has to be reduced to manageable issues. It would clearly be a waste of time to talk in general terms about Item One – 'the future of the dependent territories of Africa' – and make no contribution to the solution of the problems of this particular dependent African territory, which is experiencing the full blast of colonialism in its most terrifying and irrational form, and where there are obvious risks of a prolonged colonial war setting off a general conflagration. The conference's decision to hear the Algerian delegation was a sensible one, since it enabled those in power in other African states to discover for themselves what sort of people the FLN leaders are. I gather that those who had not met them before were impressed by the intelligence and moderation of Mr Yazid and his colleagues.

On the surface it may look as though Algeria had thrust the problems of other dependent African territories – Kenya, Tanganyika, the Central African Federation, Portuguese Africa – into the background for the time being. But Algeria is important partly as a test case. Independent African states have reached a stage at which they would like to see African conflicts settled within the African family; at which they regard the presence of a massive foreign force on African soil with the object of crushing a nationalist revolution as intolerable. They want not only to bring about an Algerian settlement, but also to prevent the danger and waste of future Algerias. As Kwame Nkrumah put it in his opening speech to the conference: 'We must be in a position to offer our "good offices" in trying to bring about a settlement of existing disputes, at least those on our Continent'. It is towards some kind of Concert of Africa that this conference seems to be feeling its way.

One consequence of this gathering of African rulers in Ghana's capital is clearly to increase Nkrumah's prestige, at a time when the internal situation has also moved in his favour. The loyal party men here are no doubt fundamentally much more interested in winning the forthcoming Accra municipal elections for the CPP; but they recognise that the conference is a good thing, because Kwame wanted it, and now he has brought it off. For the representatives of the eight independent African states what is especially valuable is the opportunity of getting to know one another better, now that the colonial barriers are breaking down. (Europeans do not always sufficiently realise how important, for every elite, is the freedom to communicate across international frontiers, nor how frustrating are the restrictions which colonial paternalism imposes.) For us this conference could be a historic opportunity, if our governors were interested in historic opportunities. Because of its composition, this is in some ways a curiously pro-British conference, where Achimota and the Gordon College are more important symbols than Suez. But the delegates here are not suppliants. They are confident that the liberation of Africa, and the improvement of African material conditions, will eventually be achieved, with us or without us. Meanwhile we seem to look the other way, and cherish the illusion that Paris is worth innumerable masses.

Accra, 20 April. THOMAS HODGKIN

London Diary

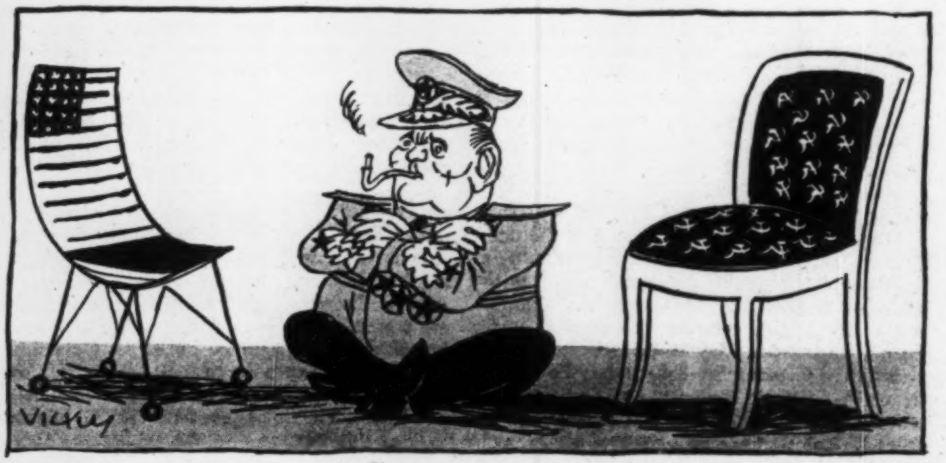
MYSELF wearing an old school tie (which has a persistent tendency to wrap itself round my left ear), I well understand the Labour Party schemozzle about education policy. As John Strachey once remarked, the nature of the revolutionary change when Labour took office after the war was that the country was governed by more Wykehamists than Etonians. While Tory Cabinets have usually been largely composed of Etonians, the only outstanding Labour leaders from Eton whom I recall off-hand are Strachey himself, Dalton and Pakenham, while Winchester is represented by Gaitskell, Jay, Kenneth Younger and Crossman. Aidan Crawley, they say, left the party, because, as a Harrovian, he felt lonely. Attlee, Mayhew and de Freitas were at Haileybury and Gordon Walker at Wellington. If the sons of toil (whose hands in these days may be no more horny than George Brown's) complain that the public school system is out of date, the old-school-tiers are in a fix. They are all public advocates of equality, and they don't want to look like snobs; they may even be prepared to admit that the English gentleman's privilege of being beaten (and beating) on the buttocks is not, as their fathers held, chiefly responsible for making them what they are today. But most of them cherish the secret confidence that their education has been better than other people's and, anyway, must not every decent society have an elite?

* * *

A further factor is that proposals for sweeping away the public schools don't make practical politics; supposing the state went to the vast expense of buying out all public schools, would education benefit by the public acquisition of a lot of very ancient and unsuitable buildings? So various compromises are canvassed. Gaitskell, basing himself as always on equality, favours a scheme by which the public schools, which are now mainly recruited from private preparatory schools, would be compelled to accept 60 per cent of boys from state schools. That, too, would be expensive and many think the result would not be greater equality, but an enlargement of snobbery. So others want to leave the public schools alone for the time being, holding the view that the best way of spending money on education is to procure better schools and better teaching for the six million or so children in the state system rather than in trying to reform the private sector (that is the public schools) which caters for only 270,000.

* * *

Re-reading the articles collected in *Is the Monarchy Perfect* (John Calder, 12s. 6d.) I see that Lord Altrincham has more in mind than merely to put the record straight. The book will certainly help to do that. Any sensible person who reads what he and his colleagues of the *National & English Review*, what Malcolm Muggeridge, this journal and others have recently written about the monarchy is likely to ask why the press made a loud hullabaloo about such, on the whole, serious and inoffensive criticisms. But the other reason is to establish Altrincham's main point – which has nothing to do with the Queen's style of dress or BBC voice. He is a Tory democrat who thinks, as Disraeli did, that Buckingham Palace is wasting a great opportunity. The Queen, he suggests, is now being presented as the impeccable, sacrosanct sovereign of Little England whereas she should be the respected head of a splendid new kind of Commonwealth. Why for instance, did she not herself go to celebrate Ghana's independence? Would it not do a world of good if she paid a visit to India? The fact that India is a republic would only emphasise her remarkable position as chief citizen of the Commonwealth. If Macmillan was surprised and warmed by his welcome, Altrincham is quite right in thinking that the Queen, as a person, would be greeted with an even warmer enthusiasm – a far more genuine enthusiasm than used to be demonstrated at royal durbars when Kings of England were Emperors of India. Or to take another illus-



tration, did it never occur to any of her advisers, when Ceylon was devastated by floods, to suggest to the Queen that she should fly out, without preparation, visit the inundated areas, as she would the scene of a similar catastrophe in England?

* * *

Politics were about the only thing in which Margery Fry was not interested. She enjoyed everything else – playing the flute, for instance, discussing pictures, and using her spectacles for a special game she invented for playing with cats. She was a discerning bird-watcher; I recall afternoons she spent in a cottage garden trying to teach my dull ears to distinguish the songs of the different warblers. As Principal of Somerville she proved, I'm told, somewhat disturbing to donnish colleagues, who knew very little of the world outside because they dated from the period when scholastic achievement was the only way of proving their case for university equality. One of the great events of her life was her visit to China. She fell in love with China, and became the hostess and friend of a stream of Chinese students in this country. During the war she was an active member of the China Campaign Committee. When, after the war, some of us gave her a presentation in the House of Commons, we chose to her delight a Ming bird, which always afterwards stood on her mantelpiece underneath her favourite among the paintings of her brother, Roger Fry

* * *

The public activity with which Margery's name will be most associated is, of course, penal reform. Probably the abolition of the death penalty was the cause she had most at heart. But it was only one of a host of reforms for which she worked unceasingly, usually anonymously and with a finesse and tact that did not come naturally to her brusque, impatient temperament. Somehow politicians had to be persuaded; she had to get on with them, clever and stupid, left and right. She was a great one for telegrams when action was required; politicians, she told her innumerable committees, would never read letters. But for the most part she made it her business to convince departmental experts that she was herself expert, realistic, reliable, above all, *safe*. Yet she was never fooled or fobbed off with pretence. She succeeded to a remarkable extent in winning the confidence of the Home Office, with the result that she played behind the scenes a large part in the reform of children's courts, the introduction of the Probation service, the prison earnings scheme, the campaign for legal aid (which led to the Poor Person's Prisoners' Defence Act of 1930), and the foundation of the Magistrates Association. The reform of prison conditions took her to many countries and she was largely responsible for getting penal reform recognised as one of the constitutional duties of the United Nations. Her last great enthusiasm was for the current proposal for compensating victims of violent crimes. On this, for the last three or four years, she worked almost alone, always perplexed at the stoicism with which society is able to contemplate the physical ruin or disablement of its members – provided someone goes to prison. When I saw her a few weeks ago in hospital she was delighted with the article on this topic by C. H. Rolph in this journal on 18 January; she believed, it may be rightly, that this, the last ship she launched, would soon reach harbour.

* * *

Ezra Pound's very odd broadcast relayed by the BBC reinforced my view that he ought to have been freed long ago. Anyway, Washington has now done the right thing. Cannot it be persuaded to be equally sensible about Paul Robeson? He is to sing again in Carnegie Hall. But what sense is there in still preventing him from singing in the Festival Hall?

* * *

The half-moon flanks of the railway bridges as you come into London make excellent blackboards. On one of these someone, presumably a patriotic and religious West Indian worker, had written on one panel: 'Jamaica is the largest of the West Indian islands. It has a population of about one million . . .'; on the next, 'Poker is a mug's game . . '; and on a third, 'Hail the Lord's annointed, Great David's greater Son'.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

When Det. Sgt Nichols asked 'What's the idea?' Cathie replied: 'Everybody has his own peculiarities; this is mine'. He said he had been travelling naked in trains for about two years, but did not think anyone had seen him. – *News of the World*. (Theo Lang.)

It was decided that, after their wedding, the Princess and Prince Philip must live at Buckingham Palace; so Princess Elizabeth and her husband began their married life living with father and mother, like so many other young couples throughout the country. – *Woman's Own*. (Anne Isaac.)

What our 'little island' is coming to: A Communist is allowed to threaten the running of the British public transport; 2,000 anti-H-bomb marchers allowed to play the 'Red Flag' in front of the Albert Memorial; a ridiculous controversy over the use of the tawse in schools – a thing which common sense tells us should always be 'on hand' in schools. Some people may think there are satisfactory answers to all these notes. I wonder? – Letter in *Glasgow Evening Times*. (Frederick Forrester.)

Hospital

Tales may be true or just made up, like faces.
The world outside my private world is full
Of bogus people and preposterous places:
Dulles Ditchwater – majors praising 'bull' –
A thing called Strijdom in the news again,
And (in New York) the Canine Comfort
  Station....
I know of no realities but pain
And gentleness, its precious consolation.

'But did you hear', comes from another bed,
'What I was just about to say?' I caught
Another murmur: 'All my friends are dead
And no one brings me any papers'. Thought
In rambling phrases covers eighty years,
Showing like grain the story of the wood.
'I've done no harm,' cried one; and then his
  fears
Followed: 'I doubt if I've done any good'.

It seemed a colourless and empty claim;
And yet I wondered, in the dim-lit ward,
If those who rule the earth could say the same –
And thought: *'Vicisti, Tolstoy, thou hast scored'.*
The evil that they do leads to the brink,
Faithful as Ernie Dowson (in his fashion);
The good? *Less tax to pay when buying mink* –
Give *me* the young probationer's compassion,

And for Eternity I'll be content
To live beneath such Monstrous Regiment.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

Will France go Fascist?

LAST Tuesday was certainly not M. Gaillard's lucky day. After his defeat, not a single cheer followed him and his ministers as they trooped disconsolately out of the Chamber. The news itself caused hardly a stir, for it was totally eclipsed by something much more dramatic: the collective flight of ten Algerian football stars to Tunis. Most Frenchmen do not care a damn if the government falls, but they regard the loss of these top footballers as a national tragedy. For in France, sport has somehow escaped the current mood of racism and xenophobia. The same Frenchmen who are capable of shouting 'Fellagha' at an ordinary Arab in the street, or contemptuously dismissing a Polish miner as *un Polak'* can hero-worship such football stars as Zitouni, Minmoun, Wiesniewski or Kopa. Whatever their origin or colour, they have graduated to total equality through the stadium. Modigliani never succeeded in obtaining French citizenship; his paintings, said the Prefecture, 'did not offer sufficient guarantees'. Polish miners and Italian agricultural labourers, who have worked in France for decades – some of them with magnificent Resistance records – still live under a *Statut d'Etrangers*. But an Ujlaki, or any other footballer, whatever his origin, can get a passport straight away, without being obliged to give any guarantee that he can earn his living.

Hence, the sudden flight of the ten Arab footballers deeply shocked the French public. They felt the country had just lost a great national asset; it was as though somebody had stolen the 'Mona Lisa' from the Louvre. M. Gaillard, whatever his merits, is not part of the *patromoine nationale*; there are umpteen premiers, just like him, waiting in the wings. But Zitouni, Mekloufi, Ben Tifour and the others will play no more for France. Frenchmen realise they have lost something which can't be replaced.

Indeed, last Wednesday, among the vast crowd which came to the Parc des Princes to watch France play Switzerland, this was the only topic of conversation. Listening to them, I could judge to what extent the official contention that Parisians consider Algeria to be an integral part of France is false. Nobody debated which version of the flight was the correct one: the FLN's, which claimed that the footballers 'had responded to the call of their fatherland'; or the popular French newspapers', which said they'd been forced to leave 'under threats'. I heard people talk about 'ingratitude', but all the comments were based on the assumption that Algeria has a separate existence, and is capable of commanding the loyalty of those who are born there.

I get the same impression from studying Parisian reactions to the constant stream of government propaganda shown in the cinema newsreels. The day after Sakiet, the audience in the Champs-Elysées cinema where I spent the evening remained completely silent while the commentator's voice droned out abuse of Bourguiba, using a violence of expression which clearly invited applause. I found the same utter passivity in a local cinema last week, during a documentary showing what a good thing the new 'framework law' is. My overall feeling is that French public opinion, far from moving to the extremes, is buried in a strange kind of torpor. Everyone knows that Algeria is not part of France and that the war is getting nowhere, but the lies and con-

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PUBLIC MEETINGS

EALING
Town Hall **8 p.m.**
April 30th
FRANK BESWICK, M.P.
CANON JOHN COLLINS
Dr. JOHN HUMPHREY

HORNCHURCH
Windmill Hall, Upminster **8 p.m.**
April 30th
Dr. ALEX COMFORT
Rev. MICHAEL SCOTT

ABERYSTWYTH
King's Hall **7 p.m.**
May 2nd
Prof. J. ROTBLAT
BERTRAND RUSSELL, O.M., F.R.S.

CHISWICK
Town Hall **7.45 p.m.**
May 2nd
Dr. D. G. ARNOTT
JAMES CAMERON
MILES MALLESON
Rev. RONALD REDMAN

BATTERSEA
Sir Walter St. John's School **7.45 p.m.**
May 2nd
Sir RICHARD ACLAND
Dr. SIDNEY OSBORN, B.Sc.

LONDON UNIVERSITY
STUDENTS and U.N.S.A.
U.L.U. Assembly Hall **6 p.m.**
May 2nd
KINGSLEY MARTIN
MICHAEL TIPPETT

EXETER
Civic Hall **7.30 p.m.**
May 3rd
Sir RICHARD ACLAND
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fusion, and the campaign of hate deliberately engineered by a small minority, have, as it were, overworked popular reflexes: the public just refuses to respond any more. It is numb.

Walter Lippman, after a recent visit here, compared the atmosphere in Paris to Washington during the McCarthy heyday. The comparison is apt. Patriotic hysteria, fed by lies and false accusations, is like a cancer in the French body politic, slowly poisoning all its limbs. Some recent sessions of the Assembly have evoked echoes of meetings of McCarthy's sub-committee; of frightened ministers and officials desperately outbidding each other to prove their 'loyalty'. Soustelle and Morice, by the same token, are aware that there is no truth in their frequent speeches proclaiming that victory is round the corner and that the vast majority of Algerians are deeply attached to France. But between them they have succeeded in creating a mood of panic in which the patriotism of anyone who criticises the war in Algeria is automatically on trial.

Every day provides fresh instances of how this mood is affecting France. A priest in Besançon has been sentenced to eight months' imprisonment for sheltering an Algerian (against whom no warrant had been issued) and helping him to cross the Swiss frontier. The paper *Nouveaux Jours*, which accused *L'Express* of treason and was accordingly sued for libel, won its case handsomely. A group of Jews were recently savagely beaten up by the police of the Fourth Arrondissement in a café; they had been mistaken for Algerians. Meanwhile, the seizure of books and newspapers becomes more frequent, and left-wing political meetings are now forbidden. Yet the extremists can achieve results only at an official level. They can terrify ministers and civil servants: they cannot get the masses down into the streets. Maître Biaggi and his friends managed to overthrow the government last Tuesday, but when they tried to stage a riot outside the American Embassy, only two or three dozen fanatics turned up.

The fact is, French McCarthyism has no real roots in France. Indeed, its real leader does not even live there. Bidault, Soustelle, even Biaggi merely play the roles of Cohn and Schine. The real master is Alain de Sérigny, director of *L'Echo d'Alger*, the vociferous and powerful cheer-leader of the *colon* lobby. He is backed by several thousand white settlers. He has a great deal of money, and many friends and dependents in high political and military circles. By these means he manages to exert immense influence over government policy. But he has no chance of arousing the mass fanaticism which placed Hitler and Mussolini in power.

Very well: but what about a military *coup d'état*? My answer is this: the French right is, as Mollet remarked, 'the stupidest right wing in the world', but it is not quite as stupid as that. It has not forgotten that Paris is ringed by 'the red belt', and that the one thing which would re-create the Popular Front is an attempt to overthrow the Republic. Besides, as things are, it gets its way without running any risks. So long as possible, therefore, it will continue to manipulate docile but legal governments like those of Gaillard and Bourgès-Maunoury, using as its weapon its campaign of patriotic McCarthyism. But when ordinary Frenchmen cease to grumble about the war in private, and voice their anxieties and disgust in public, a different situation will arise. Then, M. de Sérigny and his associates may have to employ other – and more open – methods.

K. S. KAROL

Paris

The Modern Tory

IT was in the autumn of 1935 that the future Minister of Labour first came across the theories of Marx. Iain Macleod had just come down from Cambridge, was working in the City for de la Rues, and the mathematics of capital exercised his mind greatly. 'We hammered the doctrine out in endless sessions night after night into the small hours', he has written in his memoirs, *Bridge is an Easy Game*. For it was not Karl Marx but Jack Marx, the Hampstead bridge theorist, who dominated Macleod's early economic thinking.

He had begun to play Auction when he was nine, after taking to cards as a water-babe takes to water. No wonder that a friend speaking of him as he was in those conquering years described him as looking like a pixie peeping from behind a straight flush. With his bright eyes, his domed forehead, his counter-tenor voice and his small stature, he still retains the charm of a poltergeist asked in to make up a four. Who indeed would have thought that the 1934 captain of the Cambridge University bridge team would one day have the task of negotiating with some of the tough snooker players of Transport House? In fact, the disciplines of the bridge room and the pool-room have something in common. Those who survive their fug learn lessons in single-minded concentration which serve them admirably in other spheres.

But a Highland yeast was fermenting in the Hampstead batter long before the war. Macleod gave up his city job after three years, prepared for the bar and enlisted as a private in the Duke of Wellington's Regiment in 1939. By 1944 he was a major on Montgomery's D-Day planning staff, and was wounded in the leg during the early fighting. He limps. This disability, together with some knowledge of Gaelic and a finger for the bagpipes nearly proved irresistible when he fought the Western Isles in 1945. Defeated but not discouraged, he served a political apprenticeship in the Tory secretariat, and won West Enfield in 1950. The New Tory, the planner from Fettes with a middle-class background, had arrived.

At Caius he had taken a Second in History, the degree which Hugh Dalton has described as most apt for an aspiring politician. The 'First' is haunted by the possibility of error, by the imperative to conform with examiners' standards, by resentment at the challenge of unacademic minds. The 'Second' has less to lose and more to gain; he has occupied himself with people as well as books; he is far more likely to make a flexible parliamentarian.

So there was Macleod in 1950, a fresh face on the Tory back-benches, not quite as bright or slick as those Union debaters, Boyd-Carpenter and Walker-Smith, but sharpened by the Acol Bridge Club, smoothed by Cambridge, hardened by war service and tempered by the Butler dispensation at Abbey House. He wore the mark of success.

No one can say that he has been promoted by the traditional nepotism of the Tory Party. His father was a doctor. His friends were medium-sized business men, not great industrialists. But Macleod had the determination of a professional, and his analysis of the nature of an expert describes his approach to his own political career. 'An expert needs knowledge and flair and toughness, and above everything endless practice', he has written.

Like Lloyd George and Aneurin Bevan, he recognised, too, that the quickest path to the top is to tackle the champions. He began with a jibe at

Herbert Morrison for dealing with protests about undersized bananas when he should have been worrying about foreign affairs.

(Miss Burton: *Is my Rt. Hon. friend aware that I was asked 8d. for a very small banana?*

Mr Morrison: *That is the kind of concrete information that we like to get hold of.*)

But his real chance came when he followed Bevan during a debate on the Health Estimates. As a scholar and a fellow Celt, Macleod knew the difference between *flatus* and *hwl* which sometimes escapes less erudite Southerners. 'I want to deal closely and with relish,' he said in March, 1952, 'with the vulgar, crude and intemperate speech to which the House has just listened.' The back-bench Tories crowed with delight. In May, 1952, Macleod was promoted Minister of Health. They forgot their jealousies in the spectacle of their lightweight tearing into the Socialist heavyweight.

Now, this wasn't just cause and effect. His speech was, it is true, puncturing. But its strength lay in Macleod's experience of his subject, in which as chairman of the Tory group which produced the *One Nation* pamphlet on the social services, he had already shown a vivacious and exploring interest. The 'Welfare State' Tories needed a spokesman, and Iain Macleod fitted the bill. He might easily have been a right-wing (or latter-day) Socialist instead of a left-wing (or modern) Conservative. But his highly developed individualism led him first into the Tory Party and then to its front bench, where, in the weary row of Old Etonians and Sir Winston Churchill's residual relatives, he seemed as bright and original as a vacuum cleaner abandoned in a museum. He left behind him on the back benches the disgruntled litter of Woolton's self-made men and grammar-school boys, neglected by Macmillan as they had been by Eden and Churchill.

Never a man for class distinction, Macleod made himself at home in the old hierarchy without a backward glance. The humourlessness which is the characteristic of the unemotional card player was not a disadvantage in office. In fact, the *Daily Worker's* description of him as a 'hard-faced Tory' scarcely did justice to the earnest and considerate expression which he habitually wears. He has often been known to jeer, rarely to jest. His jokes are anecdotes, usually second-hand. And his decision as Minister of Health to stop giving servicemen half a pint of beer for donating a pint of blood was regarded – above all in the army – as arrogant sergeant-majorism.

Yet Macleod is essentially a humane man whose private misfortunes – his extremely attractive wife was afflicted with polio shortly after his appointment as Minister of Health – have deepened rather than weakened his understanding of people. 'It's been grand for me to get away from Whitehall and the House of Commons,' he once said to a group of hospital nurses, 'to a place where the work is really done.' With most Ministers this might well have been a piece of politicking. In Macleod's case, there is no doubt that he meant it. He is essentially a pragmatist, more concerned with things than with ideas, with performance rather than with doctrine.

That is why during the Suez crisis, Macleod, when other ministers were losing their heads, kept his. He did so by the simple expedient of not sticking his neck out. One day it would be reported in the prints that Macleod was going to resign because of his disagreement with Eden, the next that he was solidly with the Cabinet. Be that as it may, Macleod was still sitting pretty after the governmental explosions had subsided. And in 1957 as a mark of orthodoxy in foreign affairs, despite his equivocal position over Suez, he observed, 'Because of the H-bomb tests on Christmas Island, the future of the world is safer than it was even a few hours ago'.

A sidesman at St Mary's, Enfield, where he normally reads the lesson, Macleod, like Hailsham, supports his politics with a high moral fervour, sometimes expressed in gnomic and violently anti-Socialist sentences. Thus, he recently said, in connection with Labour's slogan of 'Equality', 'I think equality is a drab and disastrous creed. I tell you what we are putting on our banner against it – opportunity'. Naturally when Macleod recommends to the electors that they should take advantage of the opportunity of bettering themselves, he excludes those operatives who might for the time being be in dispute with their employers for precisely that purpose. If Macleod seems to have had a clear run at the Ministry of Labour, it is not primarily due to any positive qualities as a minister but rather to the legacy of efficient and benevolent administration laid down by Bevin, Isaacs and Monckton. This, in turn, has been favoured by a generally good climate of industrial relations, encouraged by full employment and the anxiety of the trade unions not to engage in conflict. This is not to deny to Macleod a hitherto temperate approach to labour controversy which may not survive the deflationary pressures of the present government. The child of Butskell may find it hard to live with stepfather Thorneycroft-Amory.

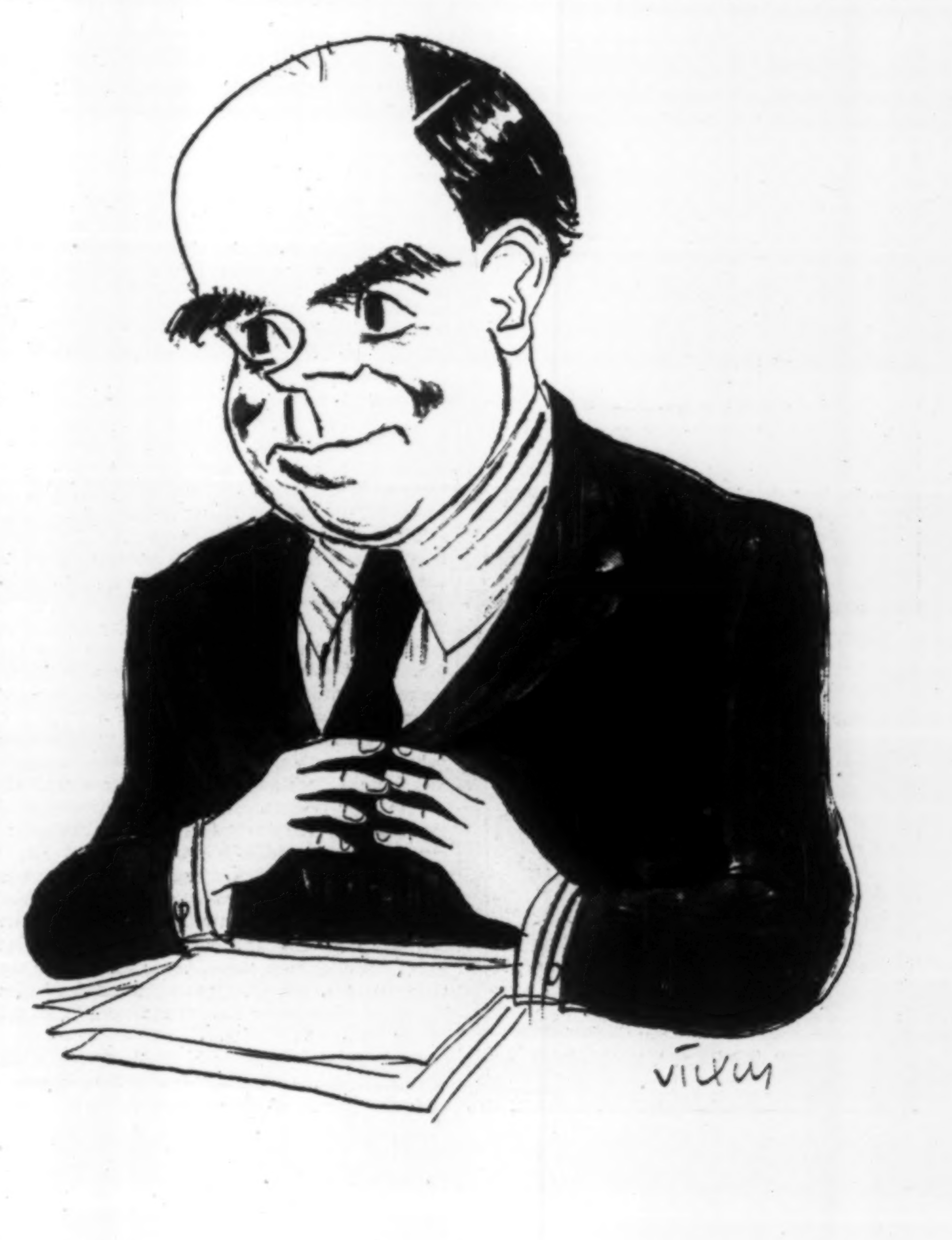
In the meantime, Mr Cousins can do much worse than study the Minister of Labour's first principles.

'Always scheme and play to give the defenders as many chances of guessing wrong as you can contrive.'

And in responding to a bid,

'Crawl along in the bidding if you want to, be as subtle and delicate in your inferences as you like, but force first.'

Macleod dislikes the term Conservative and always prefers to be called a Tory. He is, in fact, the Essential Post-War Tory, the Welfare State Tory, the Tory New Dealer who combines high hopes both for himself and for One Nation. That Macleod, the empiricist, should today stand out as a shining expression of the Conservative Party's idealism is less a tribute to his principles than an epitaph on the party itself. Although the tag 'romantic' has attached itself to Macleod, he is no more romantic than a Liberal-Conservative is a liberal. He is a realist who knows exactly how far nonsense should go. Once, like Lord



Hailsham, he wrote undergraduate verse. Unlike Lord Hailsham, he no longer publishes it. The Coningsby in every young Tory usually disappears after a year on the back-benches. With his usual enterprise, Macleod disposed of his after the first few months.

From the Ministry of Labour, what translations await him? It is perhaps premature to say of him in his bounding career that one day he might be a Macmillan. But who can say that he'll never be a Selwyn Lloyd?

The Censor's Blue Period

WORK, says Parkinson, expands so as to fill the time available for its completion. Last week the Lord Chamberlain opened a new department in the national Moss Bros, when he came down on what he called 'vulgarity and bad taste' in a play given by the Theatre Workshop in the Stratford district of London. Mrs Grundy is dead but Mr Moss takes over to see our minds are properly attired. The initial cause of prosecution was, however, a technical one. Theatre Workshop, a poor, original and experimental company with ambitions to awaken the working classes to co-operation with a living theatre, occasionally produce documentary plays about men working on their jobs. In this instance they had a raw, genuine but haphazard piece about builders' labourers. The actors picked up a lot of speech and incidents from a local building site; the play grew by improvisation and, as the actors improvised, they got further and further from the licensed script. In doing so they became more genial. The Stigginses must have been very active, for the Lord Chamberlain was unable to wink at the transgression as he sometimes does and a derisory fine was imposed by a magistrate who – I am told – had early connection with the building trade. There was a lot of merriment in court and the actor who was said to have imitated Mr Churchill was an Irish labourer who swore he was using his native accent.

I don't imagine that Theatre Workshop minds; but the extension of the censorship into what passes for 'vulgarity and bad taste' at St. James's Palace is another matter. We may see a chamber-pot borne with furtive ceremony across the stage by the Crazy Gang, but not near the Mile End Road. In that district I may not see a lavatory door on the stage, but in the Charing Cross Road we are allowed a French *pissoir*. When it is brought over here a French farce has to be 'dirtied up' for the West End, the wit and polish of the same play in Paris being scrupulously removed; but an English play has to be cleaned up for anyone east of Aldgate. The jokes of the play at the Theatre Workshop were homely and innocent; one, the sight of an impatient father waiting for a reluctant child sitting on its pot, is one of the happiest of small domestic comedies.

A French speaker at the English Stage Society's debate on the censorship at the Royal Court Theatre last Sunday suggested we were lucky to have an office as absurd as the Lord Chamberlain's; in France you were free but you had the police. The English retort is that a public row is a sign that the public is taking the theatre seriously as a forum and part of its life. In Ireland, where culture was free, the Abbey Theatre thrived on stormy scenes with the public. The basic defect of censorship is its existence; as Shaw said years ago, it was not there to prevent us from saying what we like, but from saying it in an unusual way. The second defect of such an office as the Lord Chamberlain's is that its readers are well-bred, cultivated, tolerant and experienced men. They are, doubtless, gentlemen. To know them must be a pleasure. That is to say, they are exactly the type unfitted by education or habit of mind for judging the unscrupulous curiosity, the necessary daring and restless intelligence of artists of any kind.

There is not an imaginative writer of distinction in England whose earliest enemies were not the agreeable but impenetrable bloc of the condescending educated classes – no doubt because the gentleman is a living work of art himself and is exhausted by the work he has put into the job. Such men are good conservers in stable times. But in unstable times of social change, terror and despair like the present, they huddle on the dwindling island of upper middle class values. Everything unusual seems blasphemous, indelicate, vulgar and in bad taste to them. Of course they think the humour and language of the mass of people 'vulgar'! *The Times* reviewers used to think *Kipps* vulgar and *Three Men in a Boat* low. A censor's literary taste is naturally out of date. His calling makes him abhor the explicit: Delete 'her big hard breasts like water melons' and substitute in the script some out-of-date pseudo-Synge: 'Luscious like water melons, she is'. One is reminded of Mrs Nathaniel Hawthorne cutting the word 'legs' out of her husband's diaries.

Ordinary civilian English speech is not a sea of profanities but it has its vivid verbal punctures. It is the speech of the censor's old horror: the natural man. In our savage word, the natural man emerges. He is likely to be vulgar and tasteless in a world that contemplates destroying itself. Nowadays it is just as likely to be the religious as the irreligious man who will utter blasphemies and call God 'a bastard'. It is likely to be the good citizen who is sick of perpetuating Walpole's view of the sacredness of living political figures. It is to Walpole we owe Fielding's prosecution and the emasculation of the English theatre. It is the growing humanity of private personal relations in a world publicly inhumane on a bestial scale, that has given homosexuality a modest place as a subject – modest, that is, beside the popular claims of adultery. The alternative to 'vulgarity' is the Blue Period of the dying commercial theatre, the theatre of a faded middle class who are unaware that they are a class no longer. We keep a state censor solely for this old seaside museum. And just at the moment when the tedium of the mass media has begun to drive a public, sick of its own lethargy, to a few plays with new life in them. Without the Lord Chamberlain's office we might have, for the first time, real political revue, like any other country, and for the *whole* public, not merely for those who can afford to join a club. It is characteristic of the gentlemanly system that our evasion of censorship has to take the form of privilege.

Despite the support given to the Lord Chamberlain by the West End managers, who think that a tolerant censorship is a small price to pay for protection from the watch committees and the police, there is nothing to be said for the present system. It is idle to point to the theatre clubs as a home for uncensored drama. The privilege is undesirable in the interests of a living theatre and, in any case, it is far from certain that the clubs are safe from prosecution under the law as it stands. Fear of public ridicule has no doubt restrained the authorities from testing a doubtful issue. What can be done? The outright abolitionists would like to see the theatre put in the same situation as the publisher, printer and author before the common law. Others, in deference to the West End managers, advocate the system of optional licences first put forward in 1909 by the joint committee of the House of Lords and House of Commons. The danger here is that those who do not take the protection of the licence will find themselves, not with a prosecution on their hands, but with an epidemic. Owing to the fragmentation of our police force, there are 130 chief constables in the British Isles, all highly competitive and imitative, as the graph of homosexual prosecutions has shown.

At the most conservative, it is intolerable that there is no right of appeal from the Lord Chamberlain's decision; indeed, it is only by courtesy and not by legal requirement that he explains the reasons for his objections to any play. The self-censorship system of the film industry appeals to no one; it is suited only to the mass media. The use of the X certificate for plays uttering dangerous thoughts is very undesirable, because it would simply lead the public to think that, once more, X equals sex and nothing else. A permanent panel of members of the theatrical profession might be formed to whom the Lord Chamberlain could go for advice. At the moment the English Stage Society is forming a committee whose task is to work out a policy on which all interests in the theatre can be united. It is absurd that the Lord Chamberlain's three play readers can, without taking advice whatever or allowing appeal, arrest the development of an art and a profession.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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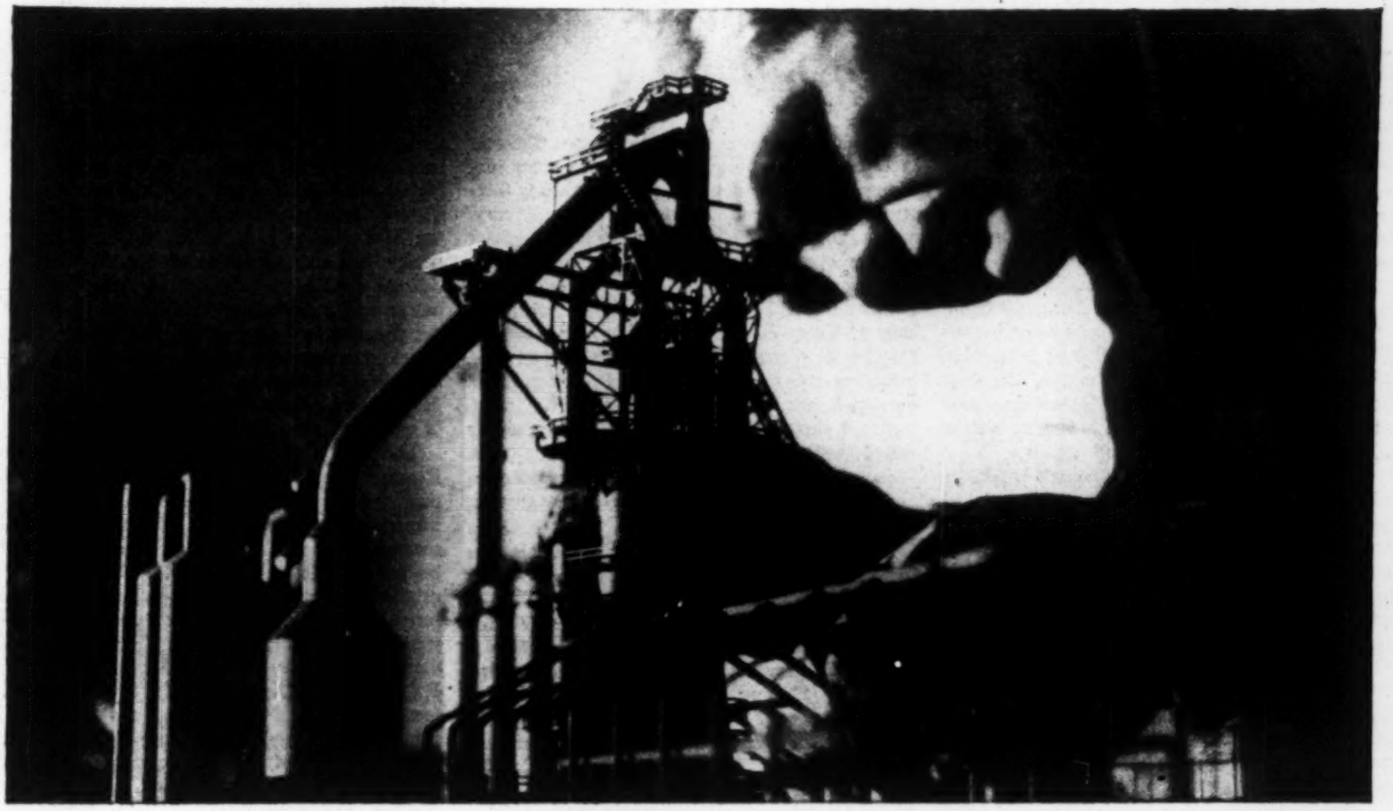

A scale model, perfect in every detail, of the new steelworks being erected at Durgapur, India, by a group of British firms. It is one of the exhibits in the Steel Industry's stand at Brussels. The works embody the latest technical advances.

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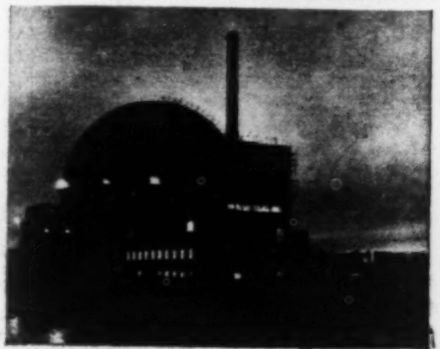
There are other countries that make more steel than Britain, but none that makes it better, and no major producer that makes it so cheaply – and prices were reduced in March. The story of the great technical advances that make this claim possible is the theme of the British Steel Industry's stand at Brussels.

THE BRITISH IRON AND STEEL FEDERATION



The reactor globe of the Dounreay Atomic Power station is built of steel plates made and assembled by entirely new techniques, specially devised for this particular job.

The Arts and Entertainment

Opera in New York—I

EARLY this month, when the New York concert season had begun to fade away, opera was still vigorously active. True, the Metropolitan had reached the last fortnight of its 24-week season and was about to embark on its spring tour; but there was little end-of-season fatigue in the performances which I saw, and all but one of the four new productions were still being presented with strong and substantially unchanged casts. Meanwhile, nine days before the departure of the Metropolitan troupe, the City Centre had opened its doors with an ambitious programme, lasting for a month and consisting of ten American operas and nothing else.

By general consent the Metropolitan has had a good season, especially notable for the successful production of Samuel Barber's opera, *Vanessa.* Unfortunately, performances of *Vanessa* were over before I reached New York; all six had been sold out, and the work is to be carried over into next season's repertory, as well as being taken intact to Salzburg in August. In the choice and production of native American operas the Metropolitan has a poor record – poor in quantity and perhaps even poorer in quality; and there is a natural tendency to regard the success of *Vanessa* as an augury of better things.

As regards the general repertory, an impression formed four years ago remains unchanged: that the main strength of the company lies in its Italian wing. French opera occupies the subordinate position which now seems to be its inevitable fate in all the larger international houses. Slavonic opera is poorly represented. New, and more surprising, is the decline of the once flourishing German wing, now mainly entrusted to Fritz Stiedry, who seldom arouses much enthusiasm in either performers or audiences. *The Ring* is represented merely by *Die Walküre*; otherwise, no Wagner but a Vinay-Mödl *Tristan* and a distinctly shabby-looking Vinay-Harshaw *Parsifal* trotted out for a couple of performances about this time of year, including the traditional Good Friday matinee. *Parsifal* is not a work which bears routine treatment: it should either be dropped or completely refurbished. That there is a shortage of great Wagnerian singers is undeniable; nevertheless, our own *Ring* cycles under Kempe show that the field is not so barren as all that.

On the other hand, what would we not give for an Italian company half as strong as that assembled this year by Rudolf Bing! He had a stroke of bad luck at the outset, when Renata Tebaldi cancelled all her performances owing to a family bereavement; but his roster of sopranos (including De los Angeles, Callas, Stella and Milanov) proved strong enough to stand the strain. America has always been strong in baritones; except for Tucker and Peerce, the leading Italian tenors are mainly imported, and they seem to be selected with a surer taste than prevails in most opera houses. Two newcomers of the season whom I was too late to hear, Eugenio Fernandi and Flaviano Labò, have impressed good judges, and Carlo Bergonzi, though a little wanting in power, showed himself an unusually refined Pinkerton in the *Butterfly* performance which I saw. The greatest surprise came from Mario del Monaco. I had almost abandoned the hope that this handsome and trumpet-toned tenor would ever develop into an artist, and I do not know whether or not he is continuing to sing the rest of his repertory in his customary hell-for-leather style; but his Otello, a role which he has studied intensively of late, is quite another thing from his fiery but unsubtle performances of the past. That he would look well and carry off the big forceful moments such as the initial 'Esultate!' was to be taken for granted; what was new and unexpected was the tenderness and softness of his singing in the love duet, and the general care for detail which he displayed throughout the long role. He is as yet no Zenatello or Martinelli; beyond question, however, he has made a giant stride in his art. Altogether, this *Otello,* with Leonard Warren as a strong Iago and Victoria de los Angeles as a most melting Desdemona, was far the finest performance of the opera I have heard since the Martinelli-Norena-Tibbett revival at Covent Garden in 1937. Only, it must be admitted, Fausto Cleva is hardly a Beecham; one can admire his easy way with such a score as *La Traviata,* while finding him hardly the man for *Otello.*

The new productions of the season, apart from *Vanessa,* were *Butterfly, Don Giovanni* and *Eugene Onegin.* In a laudable attempt to clear away the sham-Oriental flummery of conventional *Butterfly* performances, this revival was entrusted wholly to Japanese hands; the sets were attractive and the costumes ravishingly beautiful; some of the silly traditional shuffling and mincing was abandoned, and some effective new touches were introduced in the final scene, but the production was in general less revolutionary than I had expected. Everyone commiserated with me on missing Antonietta Stella, who was said to have sung beautifully and co-operated very intelligently with the Japanese producer; nevertheless, as soon as the voice of Victoria de los Angeles was heard off-stage, I found it difficult to be anything but grateful for another chance to see and hear this rarely beautiful interpretation. The higher notes have never been her strength, and a heavy season's work both inside and outside the Metropolitan had affected their fullness and purity; but the gentleness of her utterance, the delicate shading and shaping of the phrases, her pathos and radiance and childlike simplicity, and the absolute lack of anything like routine in the entire impersonation – all this held the big house entranced throughout the evening. Dimitri Mitropoulos conducted the orchestra, a fine body of musicians, in a memorable performance.

The new *Don Giovanni* sets are by Eugene Berman, one of the best stage-designers of our time, whose *Forza del Destino* I had found so impressive four years ago. But his conception seemed too architecturally heavy, ornate and flamboyant for Mozart's score. Karl Böhm was the original conductor of this revival, which had lost some of its coherence in Stiedry's hands. There were sound performances from Valletti (Ottavio), Corena (Leporello), Lucine Amara (Elvira) and Roberta Peters (Zerlina); and Theodor Uppman (remembered here for his Billy Budd) made something uncommonly charming out of Masetto. The Don Giovanni of George London was a more doubtful quantity. He is a good actor and never gives a weak performance (I heard him also as Amfortas and Eugene Onegin); but every note in his voice now shows, so to speak, a milled edge; there is no smoothness in the vocalisation, no truly pure and musical tone.

Mr Bing's cautious attempts in former seasons to introduce English-language performances have been almost wholly abandoned, with the sensible exception of *Eugene Onegin.* Unfortunately, Tchaikovsky's masterpiece lacked, in this revival, not only the Russian language, but almost every vestige of genuinely Russian feeling and style: we do it far better at Sadler's Wells. Both the management and the press displayed, in different ways, a curiously patronising approach to this Russian classic. Because the work is unfamiliar (it was last given by the Metropolitan in 1920, by the City Centre in 1947), it was treated as a rather quaint little affair, scarcely worthy on its own merits of opening the season at an important house. Tucker's Lensky however was praised, whereas, at any rate on the night when I was present, he sang the music with a wholly unidiomatic kind of rubato. London, as Onegin, and Lucine Amara, as Tatyana, did better; but both were wanting in sensibility; and Miss Amara made little (as did also Mitropoulos at the conductor's desk) of that supreme moment when, to the unaffected strains of a D flat waltz, Tatyana enters the Petersburg ballroom as the embodiment of aristocratic grace and distinction. How the music should swell, how it should move us, when the horns transfer the waltz-motive to the deeper key of G flat as we approach Prince Gremin's aria; here, it said nothing at all. Gremin himself, however, in the noble bass of Jerome Hines, was first-rate; and the young Rosalind Elias offered a pleasing sketch of Olga.

A distressing feature of the evening was the addition of some twenty minutes of music to Tchaikovsky's score in the shape of 'four musical interludes, suggested by Mr Mitropoulos, and adapted and orchestrated by Julius Berger'. Mr Bing's defence is that there is nothing more dead-

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ening than silent waits in a darkened house between scenes; this is quite true, but it would have been better to reduce the splendour of the scenery (admittedly the handsomest Rolf Gérard has yet achieved) than to commit such a vandalism on Tchaikovsky's score. The extra music is wholly drawn from the opera itself, and the task has been professionally accomplished; but it should never have been attempted. Not only did these interludes slow up an already leisurely action; not only did they mull over beautiful melodies which have been already fully exploited by the composer; there was a further psychological objection to their choice. They kept whisking us in the wrong direction. For example, in Act I, between Tatyana's Letter Scene and the Garden Scene in which she is coldly rejected by Onegin – that is to say, when these two persons alone matter to us – we had a reprise of *Lensky's* melody ('I love you, Olga') from the first scene. Conversely, in Act 2, between the Ballroom Scene in which Onegin and Lensky quarrel and the Duel Scene in which the latter is killed – that is to say, when we are concerned only with the two men – we had to sit through an equally irrelevant reprise of *Tatyana's* Letter Song. I do not see how Mr Mitropoulos can be acquitted of a gross error of taste; but it is only fair to add that the Interludes, like most sentimental intermezzos played in a dark theatre, were evidently popular. Peter Brook's production, almost wholly sympathetic to the genius of the work, was especially brilliant in the complex and difficult ensemble scenes. I must not leave the subject of this *Onegin* performance without mentioning a delightful appearance by the veteran comprimario tenor, Alessio de Paolis, as the old French tutor, Monsieur Triquet; his Goro in *Butterfly* was no less excellent, and he is indeed an outstanding example of the strength of the Metropolitan company in those smaller roles which are often so weakly cast at Covent Garden, and which matter so much to the total effect of an operatic production.

Of the Metropolitan's contemplated move to a new home, and of the City Centre's season, I hope to offer some account next week.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Frames for Big Business

THE same cultural blockage that makes 'commercial' a dirty word even for those to whom commerce offers a full exercise of their powers and training, also inhibits sane appreciation of commercial architecture. Men who will knock themselves out evaluating schools and housing schemes, incline to be chary of awarding the same expenditure of mental energy to office blocks – unless built for non-profit-making organisations – or shops – unless aimed at minority markets.

This blockage has some powerful allies. The operation of the licensing system in combination with the intellectual climate of the Forties kept good money and good men out of the field for almost a decade after the war, with the result that what little was done tended to be the work of professional survivors from before 1939, looked it, and didn't tempt critics to waste ink on it. Further, there is a fair amount of professional jealousy of the vast sums of money alleged to be made by designers in the office-block business in particular, and again, the chronic inhibition of all architectural criticism in Britain, the fear of expensive libel actions, is more operative in this field than any other.

The weight of this last incubus has been somewhat lessened, in the past three years or so, by the appearance in the West End of office buildings that can be discussed without tacitly lowering one's sights, and praised without recourse to that time-honoured mask of hypocrisy, awarding 'marks for trying'. The most discussed of such developments have been Ernö Goldfinger's neat and carefully proportioned double-fronter in Albemarle Street, with its boxed-out bays masking the join of what are in fact two buildings, and Gollins, Melvin and Ward's dissimilar twins that face one another across New Cavendish Street, each clad in a different version of the same 'patent glazing', or continuous window-wall.

But the most instructive work in the field appears to me to be that which has come from the office of Cecil Elsom, a keen type who gets an obvious kick from the kind of problem that work of this nature presents. The sequence of his work in the West End runs from a modest structure in Bruton Street, opposite the Lefevre Gallery, to a giant that straddles from Duke Street to Orchard Street behind Selfridges – real big business architecture this, housing from East to West, IBM, Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing, and Kuwait Oil. Then follow, barely two hundred yards to the north, Berk House in Baker Street, and, now nearing completion, another giant, on the scale of a Nash Terrace, down the side of Paddington Station.

All these were designed against a particular pressure and a particular handicap. Financial pressure requires that they be erected as quickly as possible, and have as much rentable floor-space as possible, and Elsom is one of the skilful ones who can keep his non-rentable areas down to about 20 per cent. of the total without sacrificing his entrances and staircases. The

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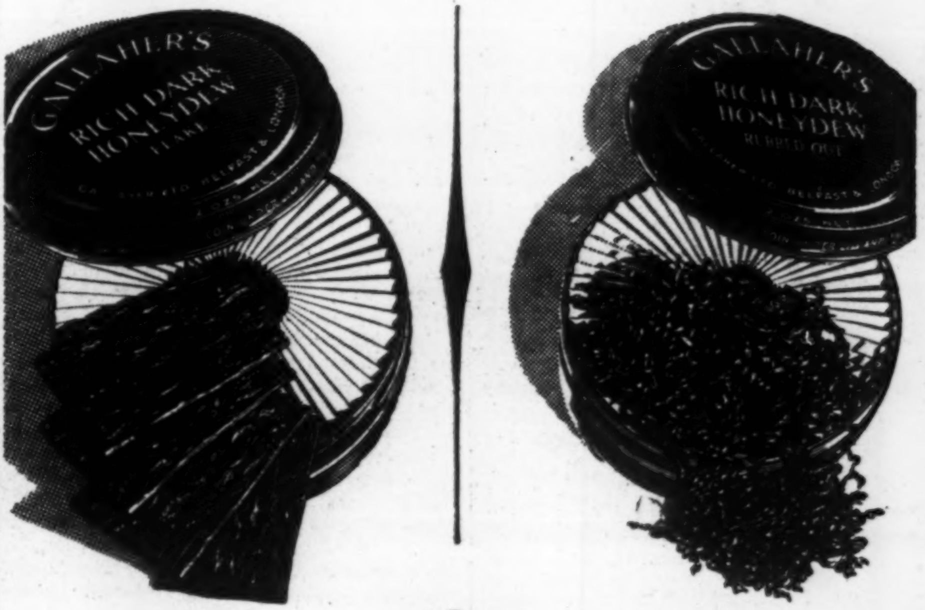

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handicap lies in designing for a client who is not the ultimate occupier – a situation which applies nowadays even with a public corporation like the BBC – which means that all the architect can do internally is to lay out partitionable bulk space, and hope for the best. Where, as in Elsom's work, the buildings are framed structures whose exterior effect depends largely on the relation of the visible framing to the windows, one of the things he has to hope is that partitions will reach the outer wall at a frame member, not in the middle of a window. At Berk House, which is designed on a fairly wide span from upright to upright of the frame – a frame which should always remain open to examination by the man in Baker Street, at the northern corner of the block – an intermediate mullion has been provided in each bay, in the hope that multiples of whole and half bays will satisfy all reasonable requirements of office-planning.

At Eastbourne Terrace, Paddington, however, he has gone to the logical extreme of a very narrow bay – only five feet – so that no sub-division of windows should ever be necessary. Here, however, a new menace has appeared in the form of a branch of Parkinson's Law that needs further study. The nice discrimination of status by size of office means that some of the building's occupants will work in rooms that taper down to only five feet wide at the outer wall, while others will have rooms that are narrow on the corridor side and expand to grandiose, Cineramic, ten feet of window on the other.

While the narrow bay raises other problems of interest as well – the provision of heating, lighting and intercom outlets every five feet is expensive – the most interesting point about Eastbourne Terrace is a town-planning one. While there are many people who have doubts about the way that offices are displacing residential accommodation in the West End, and while there is alarm among local mews-dwellers at the prospects of being overshadowed by its two towers, the effect here should be socially beneficial. Replacing a street of bombed and ruinous houses, it should tip the balance of an undecided square mile of W2, and make a bustling professional district out of what seemed doomed to become the Tobacco Road of the Wolfenden Belt.

Reyner Banham

Lawrence Durrell

❛ With the publication of *Justine* and *Balthazar* he seems to me to establish himself as among the best and most necessary living writers of our language, without any qualifications whatsoever ❜ —HILARY CORKE, THE LISTENER

BALTHAZAR

" Unmistakably a major novel "—THE TIMES

"Another fascinating fragment of Alexandrian life, as distinguished, distinctive and entertaining as [*Justine*]" —THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

" The same **rare and heady mixture of wit, poetry and scholarship,** laden with a pagan melancholy yet **shot with laughter** "
— JOHN DAVENPORT, THE OBSERVER

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—WALTER ALLEN, NEW STATESMAN. 15/-

FABER

A Near Miss

It would have been agreeable to have been able to congratulate Mr William Golding on joining the ranks of those several young novelists who have lately made an immediately successful attack on the stage. But the colder fact is that his first play, produced by Alastair Sim at the Strand, offers more hopes for his future than present achievement. Mr Golding's novels, *The Lord of the Flies* and *Pincher Martin*, were complex and elaborately written fables. *The Brass Butterfly* might also be called a fable but in it he has gone to the opposite extreme, the extreme of simplicity. Certainly the complexity of his prose style would be impossible on the stage; but he has lowered his sights a little too far, and underestimated his audience's quickness of mind.

The fable is placed in the Roman Empire at some indefinite date. The reigning Emperor, an elderly fribble, is in his island villa one late afternoon. His pet and pride of the moment is a bastard son, the folly of his old age, an engaging and romantic, but timid, youth. Postumus, the heir-designate, man of action above everything, despises the Emperor's plaything, but as he departs to conquer yet another continent he looks over his shoulder with some anxiety. Will the Emperor's folly reach the pitch of replacing him as heir with this artistic boy?

The Emperor has no such intention, and the boy has only occasional half-hearted thoughts of inheriting. Grandfather (so the youth calls him) and boy amuse themselves with an odd Greek scientist, who diverts them with a passionate belief in his inventions, a boat that moves under its own power and a thing called 'explosive' which can blow houses – or armies – to pieces. It is the Emperor's whim to patronise this strange obstinate man, to appoint him Director General of Experiment and to provide unlimited resources. Amusedly the Emperor finds himself encumbered with a life-size steam boat and a strange object called a bomb – while his pet discovers his manhood in a passion for the Greek's beautiful sister. When Postumus arrives back unexpectedly, having heard rumours of strange goings-on in the island, and makes an attempt to seize the Empire, these fantastic inventions of the Greek come in useful for torpedoing, all too literally, his designs.

The idea is good enough as a framework; but the deployment of it is desultory, the style of the writing slack. There are amusing moments as when the youth comes out in a suit of armour which is designed by himself for show, not for use, or when the Emperor, assuming his pontifical vestments, prays to Jove the Thunderer for deliverance from the rebellious Postumus – it is a routine with him and he is astounded by its resounding success, for this is the moment when the Greek's bomb decides to go off. Mr Alastair Sim's expression at the unexpectedly immediate answer to his prayers gives us the sort of reward it is almost worth waiting for. But there are too few such moments, too little opportunity for Mr Sim to beguile us with his sudden sly asides, and virtually no outlet for Mr George Cole to display as the Greek his great comic gift. Mr Jeremy Spencer as the youth who, under love's stimulus, would dare more than he can, gets the best chances and makes a good deal of them.

In a smaller theatre and played at a much brisker pace, the comedy might hold the audience tighter in its grip. But played slow and large in Mr Edward Seago's bright, old-fashioned set, it limps between its moments, without enough power or pressure underneath to drive it steadily along. What seems to be lacking is any unifying idea that would give the fable impetus. The classical story told in the vernacular serves some playwrights, the French especially, as the framework for a gloss on our own times. We seem constantly to be working towards this point but we never get there. It is a pity; for in persuading Mr Golding to make him a play Mr Alastair Sim was showing just the kind of adventurousness that the theatre needs. He may comfort himself, if he can, by reflecting that there is evidence enough in the dialogue and some of the incident to persuade us that Mr Golding's next play may be well worth waiting for.

T. C. Worsley

Big Bore

There can be no question about it: Todd-AO wipes the floor with Cinerama. Employing, I gather, not three cameras but one, it has got rid of those wavy joins which, however disguised, take the depth out of illusion and the thrill from adventure. Here we have a single unblemished picture, whose only fault is that it still sees the earth as far rounder than it is; horizons tend to have a slippery slope at both ends. I judge from the front-circle view, which was that allowed to critics at the press show of *South Pacific* at the Dominion. The capabilities of the new system were shown off in a number of preliminary items. A switchback ride; and the long climb didn't need an accompaniment of female screams as we reached the top before plunging, to give an unpleasantly real sensation of the actual thing. (Unpleasant, that is, if one has just had lunch and isn't quite expecting it.) Then the aeroplane view over mountains, with a steep bank and the landscape desperately tilted; then, whizzing, interweaving skiers between pine trees, with a tumble; and finally a police-patrol chase along a winding cliff road, culminating in a swoop to a cross-road and a crash. These gigantic snippets do achieve the 'participation' claimed, so far as panorama with thrills is concerned. The only point now is, what can it be used for? There's a limit, presumably, to travelogue embodying more grandly the kind of excitements that used to grip visitors to the dark room at the end of the pier in 1910.

One answer would be: anything, except *South Pacific*. This war-worn musical, beautifully set in South Sea isles, is about as lively as a hippopotamus, with two (or was it three?) good tunes boomed out to infinity, a treacly mixture of sex-starved sailors and longing to get into the war and the fun of native girls and the inadvisability of marrying them. No dance worth speaking of, little charm, quite a lot of hysteria, and more boredom. At the best of times – presumably in the original stage show – this can't have been over-compelling; the three hours at the Dominion were obviously the worst of times. How anyone except a screen-bewildered sheep could gaze and listen through these star-struck 177 minutes passes my comprehension. So static is the employment of a process designed to produce new thrills that its tedium has had to be relieved by over-all tinting which comes in waves and gives us a curry-coloured sunset modulating into two lovers in violet or seen through orangeade; while smoke is forever drifting across the foreground to give the thing interest. If this is the best the big screen can do to emulate stage magic then it had better seek other fields. I notice that a British company means to try its hand with Wingate in Todd-AO. We'll see.

Among war films – always with us! – *The Camp on Blood Island* (London Pavilion) sets out to deal starkly with Jap prison camps. It begins with a prisoner digging his own grave and then machine-gunned into it. This is a tougher version of the beginning of *Bridge on the River Kwai*. But the film goes on, with so many shootings, floggings, beheadings, discreetly edited, that a routine is established. One gets the feeling that this restrained blood-bath, which comes from Hammer (Frankenstein-Dracula specialists), has been very scrupulously adjusted so as not to horrify too much. The result is that it's neither objectionable nor deterrent: the characters aren't real or important enough, and by the time the inevitable American turns up – or rather down, on a parachute – we are merely inured and no more than mildly interested in the whole grim adventure. It seems to me that such a subject must be either impeccably approached and dealt with, or left alone. Compromise makes the worst of all worlds, good or bad. What entertainment can there be said to be in a film of this nature which, while not beastly, rouses in the end no feeling at all?

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Breakfast Food

EVEN viewers listen in the mornings – or half-listen, for the most optimistic producer of *Morning Music* or *Housewives' Choice* can hardly suppose that he has the undivided, concentrated attention of those of the audience who are not bed-ridden. Such programmes are the *Music While You Work* of the home worker: millions of women hum to them as they prepare breakfast, get the children off to school, and start doing the day's household chores. It is impossible to estimate the cost to the nation, in indigestion, lost time at school and office, and dirty homes, that would result from regular breakfast-time television.

Being, naturally, proud of having succeeded in their negotiations for inclusion in the Eurovision link-up, Associated-Rediffusion broadcast the opening ceremony of the Brussels exhibition from 8.30 a.m. A cool appreciation of the potential value of this event, as television, might have led them, as it led the BBC, to refrain from doing so. An international exhibition is *never* ready for its opening. There is an inordinate amount of waiting-about while nothing happens; and the boredom of this is not compensated for (as at a coronation) by an ornate ceremonial climax, since the actual inauguration consists of long speeches by exhibition organisers, municipal worthies, and royalty in undress. It is *not* a 'pageant'. Mr Daniel Farson's commentary was in amusingly extreme contrast to what Mr Dimbleby's would have been: I don't think he used the word 'gracious' once, and he poked fun at the evident chaos of some of the arrangements. The disadvantage of this (to me, far preferable) manner is that, if there is any 'sense of occasion' at all, it doesn't come through. But perhaps there wasn't, at Brussels; if there wasn't, Mr Farson and ITV were simply doing an honest reporting job in presenting this as a function whose tedium was occasionally relieved by absurdity.

The most interesting experiment in early-morning broadcasting is *Today*, on the Home Service, which began six months ago, now has up to four million listeners, and has something of the uninhibited variety and insouciance of its TV near-namesake, *Tonight*. Absolutely nothing that could interest a fair number of people is barred, and the items follow each other with speed and pleasant inconsequence. On Tuesday last, for instance, *Today* (7.15-7.45 and 8.15-8.45 a.m.) included a suggestion for that day's dinner menu (boned stuffed loin of lamb and lemon *soufflé*); an anonymous rustic anecdote of a man who swapped his straw hat, bought by his wife at a jumble-sale for a halfpenny, for that of a mawkin, or scarecrow; a note on polythene piping for houses; the time and date – with a reminder that this was also the birthday of Kant, Fielding and Yehudi Menuhin, whom we forthwith heard playing Elgar's Violin Concerto; a description of 'going to the *Heurige*' in Austria; and reports on a hair-styling contest, a youth orchestra festival, and a record-breaking consumption of sausages (17 in 90 seconds).

* * *

Before Monday's edition of *This Is Your Life*, I felt that it was time to pack up this occasionally fascinating, often rather sickening, series. The cancellation of the scheduled edition, because the identity of the subject of it had leaked out to him, showed up glaringly the fact that the programme depends almost entirely for its appeal on the mildly sadistic pleasure of seeing its hero-victim in the throes of horrified surprise on realising that he has been trapped. The subsequent regurgitations of his past rarely have any interest comparable with the authentic *Schadenfreude* of this moment. This, too, is why people in show-business (though doubtless the easiest to get) do not always provide the most interesting programme: since they are used to appearing in public, their shock of surprise contains little real horror.

However, in the emergency caused by the cancellation, all concerned must have worked day and night to patch together the substitute programme, and Mr Humphrey Lyttelton made an acceptable subject, even if he did not look exactly appalled by the honour.

Monday's *Panorama* was the best seen for some time. Dick Crossman interviewed, in English and German, the man who nearly negotiated with the Nazis that grim bargain of ten thousand lorries for the lives of a million Jews. Joe Harsch visited an expensive private school, Millfield, at which there is a teacher for every six children. John Freeman gave an extraordinarily thorough, crisp, and well-balanced coverage of the French crisis.

Later the same night, in ITV's *New Horizon*, it was pleasant to see Dr Bronowski back after his accident, even though he still wore plaster and a beard which made him look more like a warlock than the three warlocks (called, oddly, witches) in *Tell The Truth*. Accidents were part of his theme ('Odds and Chance'): riding a motorcycle is twenty-five times as dangerous as being an air passenger. . . but 'one chance in a million' is still, in Britain, fifty people.

The BBC is repeating, late on Saturday nights, *The Borneo Story*, by Hugh Gibb and Tom Harrisson. Last Saturday's episode – a close-up of a turtle laying eggs – is one of the most sensational and intimate animal films ever shot.

TOM DRIBERG

Correspondence

STEEL AND THE NATION

SIR, – In advancing his arguments in favour of steel nationalisation Mr John Hughes gives very few figures in support of his assertions. May I give the figures that refute many of them? He starts by asserting that the steel industry has failed to raise exports or reduce imports. The following figures are taken from the Official Trade and Navigation returns.

	1955	1956	1957
Iron and Steel Imports. Value (£)	98,814,000	105,559,000	79,207,000
Iron and Steel Exports	156,414,000	173,159,000	213,436,000

The export figure does not, of course, include manufactured goods made of steel, but a breakdown of the official figures shows that, in terms of value, more than half our exports in 1957 were based upon iron and steel. That does not look like failure 'to expand capacity for export'.

Nowhere in his article does Mr Hughes point out that production of steel in 1957 was 21.7 million tons as against 12.7 million tons in 1947. He makes no mention of the fact that investment in the industry since the war by the steel firms has amounted to £650,000,000, that at present an average of £2,000,000 per week is being spent on development, and that it is planned to spend a further £650,000,000 between now and about 1962. That is a very different picture to the one given by Mr Hughes.

As to his charge that the industry is out of date I wonder if he has visited, say, the Dorman Long, Stewarts and Lloyds or Steel Company of Wales plants within the past five years? I cannot believe that he has. On the question of blast furnace efficiency, 98 furnaces produced 7.8 million tons in 1946.

Alfred Duggan

THREE'S COMPANY

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FABER

In 1957 the same number of furnaces produced 14.3 million tons. Mr Hughes seems to be unaware that the Iron and Steel Board has strong supervisory powers. Under the Iron and Steel Act the Board has the duty of 'promoting the efficient, economic and adequate supply, under competitive conditions, of all iron and steel products'. Should the industry refuse to put down adequate capacity it can advise the Ministry to set up and operate plant to supply any deficiency. Prices are fixed not by the industry but by the Board, which takes into account not only the interests of the producers but also of consumers. It is the Board, not the industry, which gives permission for schemes of development to go ahead. I should have thought the capacity to earn profits is an indication of efficiency but Mr Hughes seems to think it is not. Perhaps I should say that I am not employed in the steel industry, nor am I a direct or indirect shareholder in it.

John Baker White

The Old Farm House,
Lower Hardres, Kent

VOTERS AND THE H-BOMB

Sir,—Robert S. W. Pollard suggests that supporters of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament should vote at the next general election 'for the candidate who gives a specific pledge to vote against the testing, use or possession by the United Kingdom of any nuclear weapons.' As John Wilkes said: 'and if your friend is not standing?'

The only possible practical result of such an attitude would be to help to return another Tory government by Labour abstentions, for the vast majority of Campaign supporters are people of the left, for obvious reasons. Even if Labour (or other) candidates gave such a pledge, it would lose them more votes than it would gain them. We must realise that the great majority of the electorate have been conditioned to believe that nuclear disarmament is cowardly surrender: in the present situation which this government has done much to create, no real progress will be made until after the return of a Labour government. Although the Labour Party's policy is unsatisfactory, it does go some way in the right direction, and it can be changed, because of the nature and the structure of the party. Or does Mr Pollard think there is enough time to build a new party to take power? Perhaps he is thinking of adopting the Liberal Party, whose policy he considers to be nearest to that of the Campaign. I take it he has not studied it, for surely doing away with our own H-bombs while continuing to rely on American nuclear weapons is hardly what we are after?

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N.S

This 'a plague on both your houses' view is gaining ground among supporters of the Campaign. As a member of the Labour Party and of my local Campaign committee I consider it to be profoundly mistaken. It stems, I think, largely from A. J. P. Taylor's ill-advised speech at the inaugural meeting of the Campaign.

It is vital that we ensure a Labour victory at the next general election. Even if I had the choice of voting for an independent candidate who gave a pledge such as is suggested, I should still vote instead for a Labour candidate, even one supporting the party line, because the only practical possibility of achieving our aims is to put in a Labour government, whose policy we must do our utmost to influence both before and after it is elected.

At the Labour Party's recent H-bomb meeting in Trafalgar Square, an announcement was made between speeches of Labour gains in the county council elections. In front of me a lad carrying a Campaign banner remarked scornfully: 'What's that to do with Nuclear Disarmament?' The right answer of course is: 'Almost everything'.

Alan N. Cowan

5 Weymouth Avenue
NW7

Sir,—Because I am sure that many artists of all schools are thinking and feeling profoundly about the danger of H-bomb genocide, because many have no professional organisation through which they can make their views known, and because the situation is urgent, I have drafted the following appeal.

> Whatever his style or school, the artist desires to enrich and affirm human life. Over all at this moment there hangs the threat of nuclear war. There is no question here of weighing material dangers against spiritual salvation, for what is threatened is spiritual and moral annihilation as complete as the physical destruction already seen at Hiroshima. We therefore, speaking both as artists and living men and women, urge the governments of Great Britain, Russia and America to stop the testing, storing and manufacture of nuclear weapons immediately.

I ask all artists—wherever this journal is read—who are in agreement with this declaration to send me their names and addresses on a postcard. It will then be sent, with the signatories' names beneath, to the governments concerned, to the press, to the student unions of British art schools, and to the main art organisations of the USSR and the USA.

John Berger

The Dark House
Newland
Coleford, Glos

DEMOTIC ENGLISH

Sir,—I sympathise with Mr Edward Hyams' desire to be allowed to print demotic English but I think he has quite underestimated the expletive aspect of the problem. It is true that a large slice of the working-class monotonously uses, with no obscene intent, words which other classes regard and have always regarded as obscene. But what words does this slice of the population use when it hits its thumb with a hammer or finds it has forgotten to post what would have been a winning coupon? Some of them—so far has degeneracy gone—may say almost nothing, or nothing stronger than 'Cor!'; but don't masses of them fall back on an expletive use of the words they use all the rest of the time? This expletive use, I think, is still possible because, contrary to what Mr Hyams suggests, there *is* an attitude semi-consciously intended in much of the conventional use of 'rude' words. Partly they may be used out of laziness, in the same way that 'whassaname' is adopted for any object—say an ejector—which does not have an absolutely everyday name. But this is not because the speaker doesn't know it is called an ejector (in some contexts he probably calls it the '——ing ejector') but in protest, it seems to me, against Those who have thrust into his life one more reminder of the difference between him and Them, one more instance of privileged-class unnecessary fuss and bother. All those wearisome sentences—'I took the ——ing girl down the ——ing road and we went into a ——ing field'—are a bit of a class-conscious protest really, of a piece with the manner of the speaker in general; they express a comfortable nose-thumbing at all those who might consider themselves in any way superior, while to one of his own kind they convey a comfortable matiness—'*They* can use what pansy words they like; they don't take in you and me; *we* talk about ——ing girls.' No wonder the working-class convert to Communism drops the rude words; he has entered into a technique and an attitude with which he can at last sympathise, he has learned some apparently illuminating uses of words, and he doesn't need to talk about '——ing girls' any more.

Personally I am one of the many—and I guess Mr Hyams is one of them too—who need the safety-valve of bad language on adequate occasions. Now that we cannot invoke gods or devils the only taboo which gives these words their welcome force is the social taboo, and since several of the available words have already lost through being made respectable, I am sure at least half the population would deplore anything which would weaken the taboo on any of the others.

Don't let us get like the Russians, who have only 'damn' and 'curse' and 'hell' and 'devil', and no proper translation for Eliza Doolittle, now that all the leading forces of Russian society are against the old-fashioned peasant swearing. True, this was, and can still be, far more upsetting than anything in recorded English, though also often almost as devoid of obscene connotation as what Mr Hyams describes; but then the Russians have always suffered from extremes of class distinction. We don't suffer from them; let us keep our milder taboos and not get rid of one of the few remaining outlets for natural aggression in English life. There is no need even to make a class thing of it; the French manage to combine both shockability and profanity in most of their own persons, through the always deliciously balanced *mot de Cambronne.*

Wright W. Miller

18 St Peter's Square
W6

TO COIN A WORD

Sir,—It is distressing that you, the editor of a literary review, should assist in the debauching of the language by which you live by allowing Tom Driberg to use 'telegenic' without even the apology of quotation marks. By all means let us give birth to new words to keep us alive, but such abortions as this deny and pervert our inheritance from Greece. The point is that words coined from Greek or Latin already mean something from their source, so that on reading them for the first time one knows (or can find out) broadly what is intended—or ought to.

Ridicule seems, thank God, to have killed 'helidrome' (a race track for snails). A famous dentifrice, doubtless excellent, gives perennial amusement because its name means greenish-yellow teeth. A poet might legitimately describe Miss Lollobrigida as photogenic, creating light wherever she goes. But what of 'telegenic'? It should mean, if anything, having to do with procreation at a distance, or postal AI. These words not only do not mean what their users wish to say, but do positively mean something else.

W. Bryce Gibson

Whitchurch
Tavistock

DESCANT

SIR, – Many musicians will share Mr Driberg's antipathy to the Anglican chant, although a few examples are worth preserving. But what does he mean when he advances as an alternative 'plainsong, with descants'? Plainsong is a traditional phenomenon, with the usual faults and virtues of such an origin. It can be made to sound beautiful in an austere sort of fashion. The addition or rather superfoetation of descants is a modern concession to just those tastes which Mr Driberg deplores in the Anglican chant.

I have sought without much success to find a literary parallel to Mr Driberg's solecism. The nearest I can get is to suggest as an alternative to Trollope, 'blank verse, with rhymes'.

A. COHEN

The Midland Hotel
Manchester, 2

ENGLISH IN INDIA

SIR, – In his admirable supplement on India Kingsley Martin failed to mention the most important reason for retaining English as India's official language. This is that English is the language in which most technical and research work is published.

India has desperate need of thousands upon thousands of doctors, engineers, teachers, scientists—'higher-educated' men and women in all fields. Virtually none of the books and articles they need to study in the course of their training exists in any Indian language. Other countries face this problem, too. In Sweden, for example, where every student, whatever his subject, has to do nearly all his work in the medium of foreign languages, all university entrants must pass rigorous language-tests. The dominant language is English; and people at Swedish universities not only do most of their reading in English, they do much of their writing in it too. Doctorate theses are commonly written and published in English, because if they were in Swedish no one outside Scandinavia would see them and the research they contain would be largely wasted.

If India renounces the official use of English the loss to her will be appalling. The training of large numbers of people in advanced technical skills, already an immense problem, will become virtually impossible. English is the only possible foundation on which mass higher-education in India can be built.

BRYAN MAGEE

Oxford & Cambridge University Club
Pall Mall, SW1

BY LOVE POSSESSED

SIR, – Either Mr Maurice Richardson, usually an excellent reviewer, wrote his notice of *By Love Possessed* on a bad day or he never read the book with any care. It simply will not do to assert that this novel is nothing but a book club 'concoction', filled with 'nostalgia' (when it isn't), and that it tries to convince us 'that a lot more love is needed all round', when in fact it is telling us the exact contrary. I happen to think that the book has been overpraised in America (which up to now has undervalued Mr Cozzens' work), and to disagree with what is central in the book, its ascetic, over-rational, anti-romantic, cold conservatism. But it is an unusually massive and intelligent piece of fiction, representing years of work by a novelist of very considerable distinction, and it deserves something better than this flippant dismissal.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

Brook, I.o.W.

SENIORITY OF MIND

SIR, – Mr Raymond writes well in his complacent way, but he suffers from the enormous defect of belonging to the literary establishment, in which it is meaningful to relate one's personal literary adventures before discovering the corny old line about how a great author's characters 'transcend' their situations. Of course they do.

Is it unreasonable to ask the NEW STATESMAN critics should be able to reach truths closer to the action of our times than that 'we can be more than we are'? Briefly, we know that. Three hundred and fifty years of culture have illuminated this truth from many angles, and it is not a negligible one. If Jane Austen were able to do no more than reassure us on this point she would have her place in literary history, but reading her would hardly be 'a great, a humbling, and a deeply salutary experience'. Nor would her moral landscape be 'astounding' – it would be the one we were taught in school.

We must probe further and ask, for example, what kind of man or woman does Jane Austen present, and what does he become, in what circumstances, by means of which values and qualities, and with what relevance to ourselves. Without some thinking at this point we are left with the typical 'cultural' product of our times, resounding and hollow. It has form and balance – it is 'good writing', but it has nothing to say to us.

MAURICE BUTTERWORTH

Church Road
Worth
Sussex

RANDOLPH'S GATHERING STORM

SIR, – Mr Francis Williams in your issue of 19 April asserts that prior to my writing my story for the *Evening Standard* of 11 April, I 'had spent an active and imaginative night down in Suffolk'.

My story was straight reporting; and though it required activity, no call was made on my imagination. And the activity *pace* Mr Williams was in London and not in Suffolk, though I hesitate to say this lest I should appear to derogate from the admirable information always available in this country.

RANDOLPH S. CHURCHILL

East Bergholt
Suffolk

SIR, – I am not the Industrial Correspondent of the *Evening Standard*, as Mr Williams describes me.

GEORGE HUTCHINSON

Evening Standard
Shoe Lane, EC4

THEATRE WORKSHOP

SIR, – The Theatre Workshop Defence Fund, for which an appeal recently appeared in your correspondence columns, now exceeds the expenses incurred in the defence of Theatre Workshop in court. This is due to the generosity of the two defence counsel, Mr Gerald Gardiner, QC, and Mr Harold Lever, MP, in pleading without fee. It is proposed to divide the residue of this fund, after payment of such costs as there were, 50-50 between the general purposes of Theatre Workshop and a new fund, now being set up, with the self-explanatory title of Censorship Reform. But any subscriber who would rather have his money back should write to me at this address, and he will be refunded a sum proportionate to the residue.

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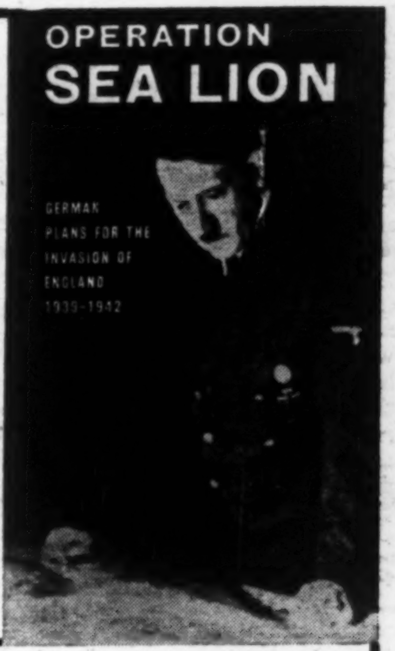

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Bourgeois and Artist

Thomas Mann was twenty-six when *Buddenbrooks** appeared. It was recognised almost at once as a masterpiece, and it remains his most perfect work: he had not yet acquired the flaws which make his later novels interesting and exasperating. He had the strange fortune to reach perfection at the start; a sort of innocence which had to be lost, or rather discarded, so that he might undertake a lifelong inquisition into the nature of experience itself. *Buddenbrooks* is like a clear and luminous mirror, and the mirror is managed with extraordinary skill, held at the exact distance where it can reflect most clearly the figures which pass across it, and show us the young growing up, the old passing away, and the inevitable gradual calm decline and fall of the Buddenbrook family. This gives the story a plastic beauty and that stillness which seems to belong to time once it is past; and this is what distinguishes it from the crowd of family chronicles which became popular twenty years later. These were mostly a matter of popular history rather than of imaginative invention; they showed the generations being changed from without by general events and temporary ideas or fashions. But *Buddenbrooks* is a true family tragedy, and the Buddenbrooks are brought down by the qualities, good and bad, which they have inherited and cannot any longer transmit. Changes in the general history of Europe touch them now and then, but distantly, and their fate is decided by heredity and the dispositions, spiritual and physical, with which it has endowed them: tradition, pride, mercantile honour, public responsibility on the one hand, and on the other the thinning of their blood, bad teeth, and a fascination with the arts. Thomas Mann was brought up in a similar mercantile family and left it to become a writer. The book is like a final recollection and goodbye, quite without bitterness, rather with delight at discovering the ways in which things had happened in a family so well known, where the virtues of the fathers were visited on the children for three generations.

Time is a continuous presence in the story; we are conscious of it almost as much as of the characters, for it is the element that reveals them, almost that shapes them. They are dipped in time and lifted out again at this or that point in their lives, and we see that they have become themselves in a new way, as if they had undergone a lustration. They are changed, yet are more than ever themselves. These moments may occur in childhood and foreshadow the course of a life. At dinner one evening the queer little boy Christian Buddenbrook

> turns pale and puts back on his plate the peach into which he has just bitten. His round, deep-set eyes, above his too-large nose, have opened wider.
>
> 'I will never eat another peach,' he says.
>
> 'Why not, Christian? What nonsense! What's the matter?'
>
> 'Suppose I accidentally – suppose I swallowed the stone, and it stuck in my throat, so I couldn't breathe, and I jumped up, strangling horribly – and all of you jump up – ugh! . . .' and he suddenly gives a short groan, full of horror and affright, starts up in his chair, and acts as if he were trying to escape.

His mother rises in agitation, thinking that he has really swallowed the stone. But Christian gradually becomes calmer and says: 'I only mean, suppose I actually had swallowed it'. Meanwhile,

> The Consul has been pale with fright, but he recovers and begins to scold. Old Johann bangs his fist on the table and forbids any more of those practical jokes. But Christian, for a long, long time, eats no more peaches.

The demon of imagination has frightened the Buddenbrooks for a moment. Christian grows up a playboy, an eccentric, a failure at every occupation he tries, a black sheep, a valetudinarian, a sick man ruined morally and physically by the strange thoughts that enter his mind. He is a farcical music-hall image of the artist, and an embarrassment to the family. Still he is only a younger brother and so he can be dealt with. But when the infection of art spreads, when it overtakes the sole remaining heir of the Buddenbrook business, a beautiful, physically degenerate boy and a born musician, the end comes quickly. The boy's father winds up the business and dies soon after. The day of the good house is over. A poisoned strain, announced in Christian and plainly confirmed in Hanno, the heir to the business, has destroyed the Buddenbrooks. It is a strain, Thomas Mann implies, necessary for the production of art.

That is how the story ends. There is no theorising. Christian and Hanno are simply left for our consideration. Yet the problem of life and art, and of the relation of disease to artistic creation, occupied Mann in almost all his other novels. In *Tonio Kröger,* a fine short story, he describes the alienation of the artist from ordinary life. *Death in Venice,* a Walpurgis Night of disease, perversion and art, is curiously stilted and unconvincing. Yet Mann was still only at the threshold of his preoccupation. Years later he built in *The Magic Mountain* a colossal metropolis of disease. In the great sanatorium, which is more like a nurse of disease than of the sick, we can smell and taste and feel a deadly enhancement of life. The senses and the intellect are sharpened and inflamed in that air; Naphtha and Settembrini carry on an endless dialogue on dictatorship and democracy which would have bored them in the first month if their health had been sound. The book is exhausting because we feel the author is resolved to exhaust his theme and uphold disease against the dull gross health of the ordinary world. The theme was never exhausted. In *Doctor Faustus,* one of his greatest novels, he elaborately traces the connection between disease and genius. Adrian Leverkühn, a musician at a loss, achieves freedom and greatness, symbolically by a pact with the devil, and actually by the after-effects of syphilis. Because of this, his music cuts him off from the ordinary life of people, as Tonio Kröger had been cut off from the life he described in his novels. In return, his music becomes a source of pleasure to the very people from whom he is alienated.

It is curious how the productiveness of disease continued to fascinate Mann. His second-last novel, written when he was almost ninety, described the rejuvenation of a middle-aged woman, the ghostly restoration of her youth by a disease which presently killed her. We are made to feel that a similar cause produces the exhilaration from which art springs. Tonio Kröger in the early story sees the artist as a sick man:

> He looked back on the years that had passed. He thought of the dreamy adventures of the senses, nerves, and mind in which he had been involved; saw himself eaten up with intellect and introspection, ravaged and paralysed by insight, half worn out by the fevers and frosts of creation, helpless and in anguish of conscience between two extremes, flung to and fro between austerity and lust; *raffiné,* impoverished, exhausted by frigid and artificially heightened ecstasies; erring, forsaken, martyred, and ill – and sobbed with nostalgia and remorse.

Tonio describes a sickness; in *Doctor Faustus* the sickness becomes a disease. Adrian Leverkühn's music, which is 'life-enhancing', is rooted in disease; so that there must be a word to be said for disease. The idea that 'the artist' is a neurotic type, that he takes to art because he is of no use for anything else, has become quite common. Analytical psychology makes it easy to frame such generalisations. Mann came to his conclusions about art and disease from his own experience; and the conclusions were determined by that something morbid in his genius which comes out so clearly in *The Magic Mountain* and *Doctor Faustus*. But he describes an experience; he does not elaborate a theory.

And in *Joseph and His Brothers,* perhaps his greatest book, he presents quite a different portrait of the artist. Joseph is the born favourite, and exists in a special dimension of time, where ordinary things and ordinary people – his brothers for instance – are different from what they appear to others. Whatever they may do to him, they cannot touch him. He has the vanity of innocence and in his dreams he dreams of his own glory, and sees his brothers bowing down before him, and the moon and the eleven stars making obeisance to him. When he tells his brothers of his dreams he is surprised that they are offended. He is strangely fortunate, and good fortune is part of his character. He stands outside the human spectacle, but without the sense of desertion which afflicted Tonio Kröger. He is filled with the conviction that everyone must love him, and therefore that he cannot come to harm. His life is a dream of the truth; it saves him, but it saves Egypt as well, and his father Jacob and his eleven brothers.

In his old age Thomas Mann became a representative public figure. How seriously he took his public responsibilities one can learn from his daughter's touching tribute to him†; he took them with all the seriousness of a traditional Buddenbrook. It may be that his consciousness of his position imparted a not quite authentic solemnity to some of his later pronouncements; when one knows the whole world is listening, one's speech insensibly becomes simple, decent and bourgeois. Mann could never philosophise without becoming heavily solemn. Yet the last year of his life produced his one great Rabelaisian fragment, the *Confession of Felix Krull, Confidence Man,* indeed a triumphant exit for the artist.

---

* *Buddenbrooks: The Decline of a Family.* By Thomas Mann. Translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter. *Penguin.* 7s. 6d.

† *The Last Year: A Memoir of My Father.* By Erika Mann. Translated by Richard Graves. *Secker & Warburg.* 10s. 6d

EDWIN MUIR

Rice Coming into Town

The barge lies low along the river,
Deep in rice.
Silent statues at its prow and stern
(Dreaming old ballads of blood and gold?)
Watch their images dissolve
                into that foreign life.

These whom power has not yet
                tended to corrupt
(Beyond the common power
To grow a crop or mildly cheat a neighbour.)

They watch their silent images
                melt into the water:
As they melt – so it seems –
Into a gorging town, a coup d'état,
A street of ministries, of restaurants,
A smell of jasmine, opium, petrol,
A brace of schools, a pack of characteristics,
A voice heard in the councils of the world.

Statues, too tired to talk?
                Too wise? Too ignorant?
(Dreaming new thoughts of blood and gold?)
Will power ever manage to corrupt
                (even tend to)
All of these?
How much power is there in this world?

D. J. ENRIGHT

For John

The innocent seeds of light drop in the eyes
and generate prophetic images,
the visions of the harmonious and the wise.

I meditate the mysteries of design
on a formal urn shaped in porcelain
whose neck has a multitude of petals or flames,
of bars of colour, not fitting the names
of paint, and certainly no natural scene,
a red and blue and green and half-green.
On the urn's body a turning
dragon claws the air and seems to spring
with a chiming roar of his powers,
twisted, in a falling dust of flowers.
I often trace the line of his belly and tail
and yet the dragon and the flowers seem pale
to the blue and the red in simple gravity,
and green, and half-green—or to be
dissolved almost to sheer mobility.

Just so when I look in the obscure
but prescient and still crystal sphere,
I trace the immortal self-consuming bush,
and every laurel tree burning to ash.
Reading this grave, simple sign,
I meditate the mysteries of design.

PETER LEVI, S.J.

Park Benches

The drowse of bees in tidy
wallflower beds; the steady swerve
of ash-grey shadows on the lawn;
marooned by dream, uneasily,
belated wish and reminiscence
pollinate the scented merge
of real and seeming on the verge of dusk.
The cripple runs, delirious;
a dream-child, warm and smiling,
sleeps on the spinster's knee; old men
stride through a grove of saplings, vigorous,
immune from afterthought and fear.
And in the shrubbery, where children's games
merge real and seem, a toppled wheel-chair rusts.
Lilac deludes; the virgin borders
compensate a failure of nerve;
grey seeps into each dreamer's face;
nor can this brief community
of dream, wish, sound and scent
elaborate a tactic to deflect
these groping shadows from their verge of tears.

J. S. CUNNINGHAM

Treeless Landscape

Except in grooves of streams, arm-pits of hills
Here's a bald bare land, weathered half away.
It pokes its bony blades clean through its skin
And chucks the light up from grey knuckle bones,
Tattering the eye, that's teased with flowers and
  stones
Something to do with time has something to do
With shape and size. The million shapes of time
In millions of appearances are the true
Mountain and moor and tingling water-drop
That runs and hangs and shakes time towards a
  stop.
Prowling like cats on levels of the air
These buzzards mew, or pounce: one vole the
  less,
One alteration more in time, or space.
But nothing's happened, all is in control,
Unless you are the buzzard or the vole.
Yet, all the same, it's weathered half away.
Time's no procrastinator. The land thrusts
A rotting elbow up. It makes a place
By sinking into it; and buzzards fly
To be a buzzard and create a sky.

NORMAN MACCAIG

The Tuileries

As the fountains falter and slip sideways,
Bent by the weather downward to their basins,
Children play. In a round pool,
Toy boats (pushed outward) buckle and rush,
Search for the other side, a welcoming harbour,
While I display my solitude over the back of a
  thin chair.
And the flowers grieve, fumble and shed colour
Downward in a fading rain.
While I sit watching the Louvre rust in the sun,
The boats (pushed outward) buckle and turn,
Search for a corner, a goal for their larky voyage.
But curve after curve insists on a circular ocean.
While I slip sideways, bent by the weather
  downward,
Fumble for songs, for an angular harbour-
  homing,
The world stays round.

RALPH POMEROY

Report on Russia

Inside Russia Today. By JOHN GUNTHER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 25*s.*

In a generation of famous international journalists, John Gunther has been the most successful. I do not merely mean that he has sold more million copies for more million dollars about the inside of more countries than anyone else, but that he has also more completely fulfilled himself than his contemporaries. He does not pretend to be creative or intellectually adventurous, but it would be quite unfair to call him superficial. Before writing this book about the Soviet Union, for instance, he had read many volumes about current and historical Russia, talked to eminent authorities, interviewed Soviet leaders and re-visited the country with the object of comparing present with past conditions in Central Asia and the Crimea as well as in Moscow, Leningrad and Kiev. He made innumerable notes and on return sat down to work out his answers to the sort of questions which people address to a Brains Trust.

Gunther is neither a philosopher nor a linguist, and his answers are not above the heads of his audience. They are simple, clear, balanced and unprovocative. They are illuminated by instances arising from his own experience. He can make an excellent page out of a chance conversation with lads during a night of waiting at an airport; he will be careful to recall another conversation which will throw a different light on the subject of discussion. In short, he can give a much more informed, unprejudiced and thoughtful answer than correspondents usually

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FRANK BAINES' autobiography
Look towards the sea
'He has resources of language and style that match his sensibility, and his book contains splendid passages of remarkably odd comedy.' **Walter Allen** (N.S).

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

give to such questions as whether Russia is warlike, whether her leaders are going back on the promises made at the 20th Congress, how they are reacting to discontent in the satellites, what Soviet schools and universities are like, what kind of books people read, to what extent they are critical of the regime and conscious or not of any lack of freedom. These are non-factual questions everyone asks and which cannot be answered with precision. But Gunther makes a good shot at answering them in more than 500 very readable pages.

John Gunther's style disarms critics. He is obviously and thoroughly American. It does not occur to him to ask, for instance, whether on some point of doctrine Marx-Leninism may be right. When he discusses whether Krushchev has a chance of dominating the world in 30 years, no one will accuse Gunther of viewing such a prospect with any sentiment but horror. He does, however, discuss it dispassionately and he is not sure that Mr Krushchev's hope is groundless if present western policies are pursued. He makes the mistake of talking about the 'Russian gamble for the world'. I don't think that the Russians are gambling at all. When Krushchev says that inevitably the next historical stage is Communism, just as middle-class democracy inevitably followed feudalism, he is not making any kind of bet, but stating what seems to him an obvious truth. When Molotov said that all roads lead to Communism he meant that if there is no war Communism will win comparatively painlessly, through the inner contradictions of capitalism; if there is a war material progress will be set back by centuries, but the Communist heartland of power will in some part survive even though many millions of people are killed by H-bombs. Therefore, Krushchev says, with no element of gamble, that the world will become Communist, and, in this at least with no lie in his heart, that Russia wants peace.

Gunther is completely convinced that no kind of Pearl Harbour is on the Soviet agenda, and he is at his best in refuting the silly and ignorant picture of Krushchev as some sort of drunken clown and irresponsible war-monger. He presents Krushchev as a man of outstanding ability and great flexibility of mind whose exuberant energies are sometimes confused when realism is overladen with out-of-date scraps of doctrinaire Marxism. He quotes, for instance, Krushchev's remark about big business making money out of the last war. So it did, and Krushchev could have added that the war for a very large part of the American public was a period of boom in which they never knew it so good. But Krushchev's suggestion in his second letter to this journal that monopoly capitalists now *want* war is a good example of a dangerous fallacy arising from doctrinaire thinking. American capitalists are today terrified by the thought of air warfare just as Chamberlain, representing British business, was terrified in the Thirties. To bring his Marxism up to date, Krushchev should have said that American capitalism has reached a dilemma because it has geared its economy to armaments, though in these days great armaments no longer solve the problem of unemployment while they increase the danger of general destruction.

Gunther's book will do a power of good, especially in the United States where people have been more systematically misled about the Soviet challenge than in this country. Any reasonably open-minded reader will agree with his argument that Soviet economic and technical advance, supported by able and unscrupulous propaganda, cannot be effectively countered by an increase in the numbers of aircraft, even if they are armed with H-bombs. That may start such a reasonably open-minded reader wondering if the correct reply may not have something to do with democratic Socialism – though Gunther does not directly draw this conclusion. Again, Gunther has an honest and useful trick, when referring to the defects of the Soviet Union, of pointing out that in some cases these defects are shared by Chicago and London. Gunther's readers will discover how ludicrously misleading it is to dismiss the Soviet system as a slave economy with a vast under-privileged mass beneath and a few oppressive Simon Legrees on the top. It is one of his merits that he presents the Russians as human beings very much like Americans or British, with differences that can be accounted for by Russian, not only Communist, history and tradition. He does his best to differentiate between democratic consent, dumb assent and repressed rebelliousness. He devotes some of his most useful pages to the question how far de-Stalinisation has been maintained since the 20th Congress. He concludes that when all is said 'it is impossible not to concede that there have been tremendous changes for the better since Stalin's death'. In short the USSR, like other places, is changing, and if we don't lose our western heads and are also prepared for rapid changes, world catastrophe may yet be averted.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Archetypal Wise Old Man

The Undiscovered Self. By C. G. JUNG. *Routledge.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Dr C. G. Jung in this short, popular book reminds the teeming millions of the Free World how important it is for everyone to be an individual, rather than a cog in the social machine; to think for himself, not to be carried away by crowd hysteria. Yet, strange! after careful reading I cannot find a single passage novel enough, either in thought or presentation, to suggest that Dr Jung has any right to deliver this message. After all, the obvious test of an individual is his originality, and *The Undiscovered Self* never transcends its banal exordium:

> What will the future bring? From time immemorial this question has occupied men's minds, though not always to the same degree. Historically, it is chiefly in times of physical, political, economic and spiritual distress that men's eyes turn with anxious hope to the future, and when anticipations, utopias and apocalyptic visions multiply. . . .

Here is Dr Jung's familiar argument: the State, which has been more and more greedily taking over men's lives for them is a fiction developed by government officials. They themselves become its slaves and, because the fiction is formless and inharmonious, need a Leader to give it immediate reality. When such a man appears, he epitomises irresponsible mob-psychology, being at once his people's leader and their tool, and makes war against the individual. The only possible refuge from State-worship, Dr Jung holds, is religion; because a Christian's conscience will teach him that he has two selves – the cultivated, idealistic human self and the hidden, thoughtless beast which easily falls a prey to lying propaganda.

The fact is, Dr Jung dislikes Russian Communism, as an exploitation of the hidden beast by psychopaths fanatically subservient to a single Leader-tool; and since Communists find religion politically indigestible, he decides that Christianity has somehow to be equated with individualism. Yet Christianity is entailed in a Church, or Churches, and a layman who exercises individual freedom of thought is condemned by Church leaders as presumptuous and heretical. Dogmatic denominational religion has, therefore, to be contrasted with true religion, and Dr Jung boldly points to Jesus as the chief exemplar of individualism, adds St Paul for good measure, and deplores all mass-meetings, in which Christians gather for common confession, prayer and exhortation, as likely to unleash the hidden beast in them.

Even the advanced age of eighty-two should not excuse a writer about politics from checking his references. When Dr Jung asks in rhetorical scorn: 'Did Christ ever call his disciples to him at a mass-meeting?' the correct answer is: 'Of course he did!' [*Mark* vi. 39ff; *Mark* viii. 1ff; *Matthew* xv. 32ff; *John* vi. 5ff, etc.] Moreover, Jesus ordered them to obey the dogmatic Laws of a theocratic State [*Matthew* xxiii. 1ff], which he did not propose to modify, and which he prophesied would endure for ever [*Matthew* v. 17]. Attendance at religious mass-meetings three times a year was compulsory at Jerusalem. St Paul's case is altogether different. Born an anti-Roman Pharisee quietist, he presently took employment under the pro-Roman Sadducee priesthood, and persecuted the original disciples (then under Pharisee protection); later he went over to them; but finally set up a church of his own, alleging that Jesus's death had annulled the very dogma so loyally preached by him. It is doubtful whether true individuality can be reconciled with such kaleidoscopic changes of religious affiliation.

Dr Jung's habit of thinking in clichés makes him contradict himself absurdly at times. After denouncing the Free World's readiness to let Communist fifth columns flourish undisturbed in its midst, he rails against our statesmen's refusal to take firm action against Evil, rather than merely 'shutting their eyes and driving it over some frontier or other, like the Old Testament scapegoat'. The scapegoat, by the way, was not driven at random over some frontier or other, but thrown to its death from a high cliff within walking distance of Jerusalem.

There is evidence of hysteria in Dr Jung's reiterated challenge to the 'big battalions' – an old-fashioned military metaphor oddly out of keeping with his terror of push-button missile warfare. In several passages he foretells the extinction of humankind by the hydrogen bomb, remarking that nobody now foresees this tragedy as coming from disease, or from any other natural catastrophe. Is that so? Recent medical successes in antibiotics are causing widespread alarm. I have often heard it asked: 'What if humble viruses, hitherto controlled by lordly disease germs, become free to flourish and destroy us?'

Dr Freud, we learn, once confessed to Dr Jung that, in an attempt to restrain the dark forces of the occult, he had deliberately dogmatised the sex-urge as underlying all psychological manifestations. Dr Jung – who worked with Freud at first, then broke off even friendly relations and founded his own psychological Church – similarly dogmatises certain unprovable 'archetypal images'; and now offers himself as an archetypal Wise Old Man, leader of world thought, his credentials being the immense knowledge with which prolonged studies of divided personality have supplied him. Leader or tool?

What I find most unpalatable in this book is a political expediency that condemns Stalin as a monster, for having let three million Russian peasants starve to death, yet makes no direct mention of Hitler's deliberate massacre of over three million Jews. Dr Jung contents himself with polite references to 'what happened not so long ago to a civilised European nation' and 'a great psychological disadvantage that made itself unpleasantly felt, even under Nazism'; and goes on to suggest that the same type of political extremism threatens the United States. After all, he is neither a Jew nor an American, but plain German-Swiss; dislikes modern art as ugly, nihilistic and mentally diseased; suffers from bad dreams about the Yellow Peril; and, though grudgingly conceding the materialistic view that brain surgery can affect character, prefers to leave the Undiscovered Self 'an insoluble puzzle and an incomprehensible wonder'.

ROBERT GRAVES

Arabia Indeserta

Doubts and Dynamite: The Middle East To-day. By EMILE BUSTANI. *Wingate.* 18*s.*

Middle East Indictment. By ARSLAN HUMBARACI. *Hale.* 21*s.*

Big Oilman from Arabia. By MICHAEL SHELDON CHENEY. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

The Middle East is full of astonishing phenomena; none more so than Mr Emile Bustani, the Lebanese politician and businessman. I called on Bustani one morning at his house outside Beirut to discuss Lebanese politics over breakfast. Instead of a leisurely meal, Bustani hastily bundled me into a gigantic Cadillac, and we drove off at a hundred miles an hour to an election meeting. In the car, Bustani munched his breakfast – rusks and coffee – and snapped out instructions to his minions in Kuweit, Baghdad, Amman and Cairo over a radio telephone linked to a short-wave transmitter in his Beirut headquarters. At intervals he dictated his election speech to a dictaphone installed in the back of the seat. From time to time, the Cadillac was flagged down by other cars which delivered messages from yet other minions. And, during the brief moments when none of these things was happening, Bustani turned to me and delivered a brilliant and closely reasoned lecture on the Lebanese electoral system, which is perhaps the most complicated in the world. The lecture finished, the Cadillac stopped, I was immediately transferred to another car and whisked back to Beirut. Overhead, a plane dropped handbills, 'Vote for Bustani, the man who knows everybody'. The time, incidentally, was just on 7 a.m. No one who has ever met Bustani is surprised to learn that, from a penniless Arab student, he became a multi-millionaire before the age of forty.

No doubt most of this book was dictated in the Cadillac; but it is none the worse for that. Bustani knows exactly what he wants to say, and he has a remarkable command of terse, gamey English which enables him to say it briefly and forcefully. Unlike most Arab nationalists, he is a passionate friend of the West, and particularly of Britain. His message to us is quite simple: stop trying to patronise the Arabs and get down to a normal, practical business relationship. 'This is,' he writes, 'no age for political snobbery. Russia is proving herself too good a mixer for any other Great Power to put on airs.' Hence he is sharply critical of many aspects of Western policy in the Middle East – the Baghdad Pact, the Eisenhower Doctrine, the Protectorate System in the Persian Gulf – which emphasise the dependence or inferiority of the Arab states; and he rightly recognises that such military pacts will not halt Soviet penetration. Instead, he favours Western-Arab commercial co-operation in schemes which produce results visible – in terms of rising living standards

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" Mr. Robert Graves's great work on the Greek Myths was first produced in two Penguin volumes. Handy and cheap as these are, it was a good idea also to publish this edition for the library shelf and reference work. Mr. Graves, naturally, has his own pet theories, but that is a very reasonable price to pay for such a tremendous display of readable erudition. Here you can not only look up whatever classical story you want to ascertain the details about but you may learn at the same time its archæological and anthropological background."—*Punch.* 784 *pp.*, 30*s. net.*

F. L. LUCAS

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" The most tempting introduction ever written to the writers it portrays (Boswell, Johnson, Chesterfield, Goldsmith). It draws upon an extraordinarily wide knowledge of different literatures. It will amuse the general reader, and the critic or scholar who does not find it instructive will be a monster of learning!"—RAYMOND MORTIMER, *Sunday Times.*

" There are few other scholars who add to their scholarship such keen perception, such just balance and so lucid and sometimes pungent a style. Not only gives nourishing food for thought, but can be read with continuous relish."—M. R. RIDLEY, *Daily Telegraph.* 25*s. net.*

EDITH SIMON

The Sable Coat

"A remarkable feat"—THE TIMES **"Brilliantly done"**—SCOTSMAN

This novel of ruthless emotional blackmail, by the author of those two remarkable historical novels *The Golden Hand* and *The Twelve Pictures*, is a study in a contemporary setting. It would not be unfair to describe it as an intellectual horror story, the horror springing from a frightening analysis of the minds of two women. 18*s. net.*

CASSELL BOOKS

—to the ordinary Arab. He reiterates and enlarges upon his proposal for pooling 10 per cent. of the oil revenues (5 per cent. each from the companies and the oil states) into an Arab Development Bank, which would lend money to approved welfare and industrial projects. This plan made sense in 1950, when Bustani first conceived it; it deserves even more urgent consideration today, now that Nasser straddles the pipelines as well as Suez. As Bustani points out, the contrast between the 'have' and the 'have not' states in the Middle East is one of the basic causes of the area's instability. His plan would go a long way to correct this, and, at the same time, would show that the West is not opposed to the central dynamic of the Arab world: the quest for political and economic unity. After all, in the long run, the West has nothing to fear from a united Arab state; Russia has. I hope that as many MPs as possible will devote an hour or two to reading this short, lucid and invigorating book.

Mr Humbaraci comes to much the same conclusions as Bustani, though his general outlook on life is radically different. A young Turkish journalist, he fell foul of the semi-dictatorial regime in Ankara and was a Communist agent for several years before settling in Britain. He thus has a sound knowledge of the Communist underground in the area, and his book is both a personal history and a detailed survey of Soviet activities in the Middle East. At times he is inclined to over-dramatise his own role, and to over-estimate the success of Soviet policy; he wrote, unluckily, before the formation of the United Arab Republic—a major setback for Russia—and the picture he presents is thus needlessly gloomly. But his basic thesis—that Russia is winning Arab friendship because they believe she treats them as equals—is incontrovertible. As he says, the West has attempted to profit by a double standard of values: it seeks to preserve the oil-lifelines of democracy by maintaining in power despotic regimes. Unless this policy can be reversed—and Humbaraci does not dispute that the initial cost will be heavy—time will remain on Russia's side.

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Mr Cheney, who spent seven years in Arabia as an Aramco executive, has written a lively and easy-going portrait of life in one of the great oil centres; a little too heavily larded with All-American humour, perhaps, but shrewd, well-observed and very readable. He does not attempt to draw any political morals, but all the same his narrative does indicate some of the difficulties which arise when an attempt is made to carry out the policies urged by Bustani and Humbaraci. No oil company has made a more consistent and sincere effort than Aramco to treat the Arabs as equals and co-partners. It pioneered the fifty-fifty share-out system, and has sometimes gone to unethical lengths to appease local opinion. Yet today, it is less secure than any oil company in the Middle East. A case history quoted by Cheney provides a clue to this paradox. In Dharhan, he met a young Arab, whom he calls 'Salah', who had signed on with Aramco as a young boy, passed brilliantly through the Company's training programme, was sent to America for a year, and returned an educated and typical product of the American way of life. It was at this point that trouble began. When Salah entered the oil camp gate, Saudi officials promptly beat him for not wearing the compulsory Saudi headgear. He was beaten again by Saudi soldiers for failing to attend the Mosque at prayer-time. As a Moslem, he was forbidden alcohol and therefore banned from the company's bars and clubs. Within a few weeks he was discontented and bitter. But—and this is characteristic of many hundreds of newly-educated young Arabs—his bitterness turned not against the reactionary Saudi system, but against the Company. Salah led the first major strike at Dharhan. He is now in exile, and Aramco's labour relations have never been easy since. The problem thus posed is one to which neither Bustani nor Humbaraci has the answer.

PAUL JOHNSON

An Air that Kills

A. E. Housman: Scholar and Poet. By NORMAN MARLOW. *Routledge.* 21*s.*

A. E. Housman will always be remembered for certain prodigious moments of classical poetry; that is, for seizing in a few words of perfect proportion a well-known look or an obvious truth: 'the coloured counties', 'On Wenlock Edge the wood's in trouble', 'The young man feels his pockets, And wonders what's to pay'. But what are we to make of these classical excellences when they tell us how nearly they are dead?

Into my heart an air that kills
From yon far country blows.
What are those blue remembered hills,
What spires, what farms are those?

Are we to rate this favourite poet of so many top people as no more than an exponent of good form *in extremis*? In his poetry he is dead to almost all emotion except brilliantly generalised memories of the Western scene (he took his holidays in Paris) and the feeling that the death of young men is sad.

On this theme he wrote only one poem, 'The night is freezing fast', which persuades us that he really cared about the death of a particular person. In the others it seems likely that death stood for his own deprivation of something else. 'His private lust, Something to do with violence and the poor.' This is one of Auden's punches that seem unfair at first but end by reviving the man he strikes. It is odd that Mr Marlow, who sees that repressed homosexuality was probably the neural cause of the poetry, doesn't realise that, if it was, he ought to reconcile some of the critics he abuses for contradicting each other. Housman's poetry is indeed 'anonymous and objective'; it also 'reveals the inmost secrets of the heart'. A heart obsessed not by the sadness of life but by the loss of it. Yet the loss was restored from negation to life by the poetry in which he remembered it: 'The moon stands blank above'.

The greater part of Mr Marlow's book is a chase, delightful in itself, for the literary influences. Housman thought his chief sources were in Shakespeare's songs, the ballads and Heine. Mr Marlow's extreme diligence in detecting reflections in Greek and Latin poets and in a great many streams and rivers of English poetry proves Housman to have been more deeply devoted to the whole of poetry 'than suits a man to say'.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

New Novels

As Music and Splendour. By KATE O'BRIEN. *Heinemann.* 16*s.*

September Roses. By ANDRÉ MAUROIS. *Bodley Head.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Young Man in the Sun. By PETER GREAVE. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 15*s.*

The Skin is Deep. By HANS HOFMEYER. *Secker & Warburg.* 16*s.*

When I was at school, we were always advised to begin our English essays with a quotation. How many subjects did I contort, in those days, to tie in neatly with some mark-provoking couplet! I became a master of essayist's skulduggery. And then, by Heaven, when I first set out as a very young reviewer of novels, I was seriously urged to turn every review into a 'little essay' by relating the books one to another, forcing out of them something with the semblance of a common denominator which might be used as a kicking-off point. In those days, I seem to remember, I actually succeeded in performing this ridiculous feat week after week; I was reminded of it today, when it occurred to me, with an uprush of relief, that there was no obligation whatsoever upon me to do the same with the novels of Miss O'Brien, M. Maurois, Mr Greave and Mr Hofmeyer. Yet I suppose that in a sense, old and bad habits dying hard, this is more or less what I have done, if only by remarking their utter diversity. They might have come from different planets.

As Music and Splendour is a long romantic novel about two young Irish girls sent first to a French convent, and then to Rome, to be trained as opera singers. No one is more adept than Miss O'Brien at the dying fall: when her soft music dies she goes on vibrating in the memory—she herself, her literary personality: her characters have only a slender life and her story is too fuzzy in outline to be memorable in any sort of detail. The basic weakness of this book is her failure to cope with the passing of time. The period stretches between 1886 and 1891, five years with four dominant points of interest: the rise to fame of Rose and Clare, Rose's generous love-affairs, Clare's obsessive love for a Spanish girl who was a fellow-student, and has been the first of the three to make an international stir. Now, one can deal with easy-going and basically undramatic narrative stretched over a considerable period in two ways: either by concentrating upon those blocks of time during which the essential happenings take place and merely sketching in an idea of the time that has passed between each: or by letting the pen trail, as it were, over the important and less important days alike. Miss O'Brien, by taking the second course, has produced an impression of unselectiveness. The Proustian method would have suited her story admirably, sharpening the characters, throwing the seminal and climatic aspects of their respective experiences into relief.

It is a book in the best of taste, delicate, withdrawn, hushed: but it has little of the romantic dash of *Without My Cloak* or *That Lady*. I felt persistently, the whole time I was reading it, that Miss O'Brien was thinking about her people, especially about Clare and Luisa, in considerable depth, but had never managed to get more than a shadow of her more complex thought on to paper.

September Roses – what a title! How could M. Maurois do it? – is about an ageing writer married to a wildly possessive wife to whose money, energy and drive he owes his fame. He goes on a tour of South America where he plays fast and loose with an actress called Dolores or Lolita. Madame Fontane learns about it, and when the mistress comes to Paris, strikes up a friendship with her, in order to discover what Lolita has got that she hasn't. Armed with the knowledge, she makes herself over anew and gets her poor old rattled husband back again.

It happens that the relationship between husband and wife is extremely interesting, so much so that it is maddening to be diverted from it by the long affair with Lolita-Dolores, which, for all M. Maurois's skilled attempts to make something original out of it, has a remorseless and boring air of *ooh-la-la*. It is always an error to create a character of uncommon interest (Mme Fontane) and then refuse to let that character steal the book if it wants to. If the writer frustrate it, it will always get its revenge by haunting its own absences. It would have been quite enough for M. Maurois to tell us briefly of Fontane's goings-on in South America. They are like all such goings-on; they fail to illuminate any fresh corner of the human experience, and they waste literary time. The wife is quite excellent: we should never have been torn away from her side. Indeed, we might have had a more exciting, though admittedly quite different book, if the central viewpoint had been hers. The translation, by Mr Gerard Hopkins, is elegant and spare.

Mr Peter Greave has a charming sad-comic talent. *Young Man in the Sun* is about a young Englishman whose lot it is to sell refrigerators in Calcutta. He is so down at heel, his hopes are so slender, that he has pridefully abandoned self-respect. What should he want with it? In his case, self-respect would be an absurd piece of pomposity. He sets out on two chases simultaneously: one after a beautiful girl of infinite proud vulgarity, the other after the disgusting Mr Prasad who is teasing him with the possibility of a sale. It is all very funny and touching, written precisely, but without the least affectation. It is sharp as a needle in its perception of what defeat is really like and how it is best to face it. (Like the nettle, defeat sometimes has to be grasped: and then it doesn't hurt so much.) The squalor of the streets, the rank poverty and the wealth to which dirt still clings, the American-style boss of the refrigerating company with his cloud-cuckoo briefings to his hapless salesmen, the peroxided secretary with her distasteful yet somehow hypnotic prattle, the beautiful girl and her gruesome Burmese ayah, these things and these persons fairly jump with life as the air jumps in a heatwave. The novel has, however, one real structural weakness: we learn too much too soon. The hero's two pursuits dovetail eventually, of course, and this ought to be a surprise, a tail-twist – but it isn't. We have always seen it coming.

The Skin is Deep is a sorely overwritten account of a young Nyasa, huge, innocent-hearted, well-meaning, working first in the Johannesburg mines and then on the farm of two Boer derelicts. One never doubts for a moment that Mr Hofmeyer is telling the whole of a beastly social truth, nor that this kind of truth-telling, if enough people do it, is cumulative, and will one day begin to work with practical effect upon the conscience of man: but this novel's literary self-consciousness tends to blunt the emotions the writer has set out to arouse.

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

The Critic as Witness

The American Earthquake. By EDMUND WILSON. *W. H. Allen.* *37s. 6d.*

In contrast to the new monastic criticism in the United States the work of Edmund Wilson is done outside in the changeable midst of life. Journalist, historian, traveller, he has been essentially the citizen critic and expositor, more curious than most citizens are, dissenting, eager but misanthropic. If optimism is the American religion, Mr Wilson does not practise in it; rather, he has put observation, industry and an outlook that lies between the

JOHN GUNTHER'S

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STAPLES

"**NAPOLEON IN HIS TIME** by Jean Savant is among the most absorbing books that I have lately read . . . a fascinating book that covers the emperor's whole career . . . a detailed full-length portrait . . . it is a particularly illuminating work," *Peter Quennell.* Illustrated. 440 pages. 30s.

L. P. HARTLEY'S trilogy *Eustace and Hilda*, to be published Monday, is considered by Walter Allen to be "one of the very few masterpieces in contemporary fiction," and by John Betjeman as "an immortal portrayal of the delights and agonies of childhood and adolescence". 736 pages 25s.

FOUR BLACK CARS is a novel of the Hungarian Revolution written by two leaders of the Petőfi Circle, under the pen names of Stephen Barlay and Peter Sasdy. George Mikes (author of *Hungarian Revolution*) writes of this book: "The story brings home the problems large and small and the tragic and comic incidents of the Hungarian Revolution to the English reader with an intensity and richness of detail unprecedented as yet in any book on the subject." To be published Monday. 15s.

PUTNAM

scientific and the disparaging, in its place. He is the most energetic of American critics and the most avid. His work has some loneliness of accent which is often noticeable in American writing and which, in his case, one would suspect came from a difficulty in fitting the citizen and the human being together. They do fit but the process has perhaps been painful; he has had to forge his mind and we have, in all his writing, the impression of a mind at work, not of a mind at leisure. I have heard him foolishly dismissed in an American university as a useful intermediary between literature and the reading public and, of course, he is informative, factual and likes to build from the foundations brick by brick, in the manner of most of his countrymen; but he has the artist's humanity and petulance and, if he is an intermediary, it is between literature and life. He is not content to leave American life to the novelists and the sociologists; he has gone to it, armed with his convictions, in the midst of literary criticism and to satisfy his considerable powers as a descriptive traveller. In this role he has a Johnsonian completeness which is as rare in literary criticism as it is in general observation.

The present volume of collected articles on American social life, covering the period of the Jazz Age, to the Depression and the New Deal, is a valuable guide to the American background. If he has dissipated his gift for describing America, in the magazines and reviews, he has filled a gap. It must seem to a European that America has been under-visualised but over-interpreted. Mr Wilson, in his lifetime, has been exceptional in going to see certain things for himself. Deeply literary, he has always been a brilliant maker of notes on the spot. Much of the America he describes is mysterious to ourselves. Most of us will not have heard of the strikes, the minor political figures and organisations he reports on, for American politics have been more remote to us than those of any other nation and are often made to sound like the dull collisions of the over-satisfied. A very different view is given to us when Mr Wilson makes us see certain events in a West Virginia coalfield, when he takes us to the realities of the building of the Boulder Dam, or collects his documentary portrait from Detroit or makes his dry report on the clash of Communists and cops in New York. He takes us out of fantastic America into the dour. If some of his essays are out of our knowledge, there are many brilliant ones we can admire at once. There is the superb report of a New York murder; there are the notes on New Orleans, the pieces on night clubs and the drama, the account of Eisenstein in Hollywood and the amusing description of Shaw's flop as a lecturer at the Metropolitan. It strikes one that few English writers move about England as Mr Wilson has moved about America, notebook in hand. He had strong inducements: the violent effects of the Depression had that element of drama which Marxism promised and he has retained the respect for the American traditions of disaffection, rebellion and indignation on behalf of imperilled human rights. Mr Wilson has been a remarkable collector of evidence and he must be unique in doing this from the chair of the literary critic. He is a witness.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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The universally acclaimed novel about life in a Maori school. " Miss Ashton-Warner, with a fine creative imagination, speaks from inside the character and gives us in result an exhilarating and enthralling account."
—ANGUS WILSON in *Observer.*
2nd Imp. 18*s.*

Secker & Warburg

Waiting for the End, Boys

The End of North's Ministry, 1780-82. By I. R. CHRISTIE. *Macmillan.* 40*s.*

Mr Christie's book is in the highest traditions of Namierite analysis. (It is also a great deal better written than recent offerings from the master's disciples.) He is not only concerned with the analysis itself – 'the hard facts of the electoral system', the mysteries of the 'double return' and the 'call of the House', the building-up of George III's Election Fund and the significance of the counties in elections – but he is also remarkably unaverse to telling a story. The way in which first Lord George Germain and, two months later, the whole of Lord North's Ministry was turned out, may not be the most dramatic page in English history, but it is a classic example of the way in which the general sense of Parliament works at a time of crisis. The manner in which the House acted, in face of the bad news from America, is shown by the series of critical divisions in the first three months of 1782. Driven by the pressure of events and Fox's brilliant tactics, whole sections of the 'independent' or 'country' party began to drop away from Government. Eventually even the placemen were abstaining from the Ministry. By six o'clock on March 20 all was over:

> . . . North had at least saved himself from the painful experience of having a vote for his removal recorded in the Journals. Nor at the last did his wit and good humour forsake him. As he went out of the House, members who had anticipated a long sitting and whose carriages had to be summoned from a distance, hung around the courtyard. But North's coachman had been forewarned, and the fallen minister still had spirit to turn the situation to a jest. 'Goodnight, gentlemen,' he said as he turned to his coach; 'you see what it is to be in the secret.'

Mr Christie appears to have a higher regard for the character of Rockingham than his co-disciple, Mr John Brooke. He speaks of the Marquis's 'patient sweetness of disposition' and 'considerable capacity to placate and conciliate men'. In contrast, his by now well-known prejudice against Fox is much to the fore. Though he admits that the great man 'stood supreme, by virtue of his sheer capacity for business, his abounding vitality, and his ability to present a party case', he thinks that he 'had not a tithe of the stability of character of such leading figures of the party as Sir George Saville or Lord John Cavendish':

> Fox carried with him into politics the friends he made among the young men of fashionable society, whom his dazzling talents and unruly, uninhibited behaviour drew to his side. Several, like Admiral Pigot, shared with him the bond of slavery to the gaming tables at Brooks's.

Mr Christie is admirably lucid in explaining the various and complicated standpoints of the Ministry and Opposition factions (*e.g.* the divergence of Shelburne and Rockingham on American peace aims), as on a score of other inter-related subjects. His book is an outstanding contribution to eighteenth-century political studies – and all the more so for his not having attempted a self-consciously dryasdust idiom.

JOHN RAYMOND

Chartist Romantic

The Chartist Challenge. By A. R. SCHOYEN. *Heinemann.* 25*s.*

George Julian Harney was only 21 years old when the 'General Convention of the Industrious Classes' met in London in February 1839. Already he had established his reputation as a passionate Chartist extremist. This was 'the dream-time of his life', when he wore a tricolour sash and a red cap of liberty, and thought of himself as a second Marat. Nine years later, when Europe was swept by revolutions, he believed for a brief moment once more that 'the hour of conflict between the millions and their masters is at hand', but by the end of the year he had come to the disheartening conclusion that Englishmen were not revolutionary Frenchmen and 'that after so many years of "Reform" and "Chartist" agitation, multitudes of men whose every interest would benefit by the triumph of Chartism, are yet ignorant of or indifferent to the Charter'. It needed another five years of strenuous political activity to push Harney out of national politics altogether. Still only 36 in 1853, when he left his native London for Newcastle, he wrote that his main interest and hope in the future lay not in English politics but in the progress of Continental democracy. Yet this hope too failed him, and from 1855 to 1863 it was the politics neither of England nor Europe but of the small feudal island of Jersey which preoccupied him. He lived long enough (until 1897) and travelled far enough (two visits across the Atlantic) to become disillusioned with the United States, to feel that all forms of government had somehow failed to 'bring us even near to the perfectibility of man, which was the beautiful dream of so many good men and so many eloquent writers a little over a hundred years ago'. He was faithful to the last, however, both to his old Chartist ideals and to his sense of romance, but the two mainsprings of his actions had become disconnected.

> When I look around, seeing what I see, knowing what I know of passing events, I would fain drink of the Lethean stream fabled by the poets, that I might forget the past, and be oblivious, or at least indifferent to the present.

In his brilliant biography Dr Schoyen shows how the long and superficially unsuccessful life of Harney was significant and meaningful. From a mass of scattered evidence, with no solid core of Harney manuscripts to guide him, he has produced what is at the same time an exciting adventure story and a cogent social analysis. Harney was a romantic, but he was in many respects a realist too. Unlike O'Connor, he related Chartism to Socialism and English politics to international politics. He saw the difficulties in the way of extending the battle for the vote into a battle for social democracy, but he saw equally clearly that unless it were so extended it would produce at best sham victories. When many others looked back, he looked forward. 'It is not a return to the "good old times" . . . that is wanted to regenerate England,' he wrote in 1844, 'it is equality, not feudalism which is the hope of the many . . . the "golden age" is before, not behind us.' His disputes with Ernest Jones in 1851 and 1852 about the best way to push Chartism forward touch fundamental and by no means exhausted issues in English working-class politics. His internationalism is equally interesting to study. Working-class betterment, he believed, was an international not just an English affair, and Dr Schoyen's careful account of his activities as founder-member of the Fraternal Democrats and energetic friend of the foreign emigrés makes fascinating reading. So too does the description of his estrangement from Marx and Engels, who dismissed him too easily as an empty-headed spouter, a popularity-seeker who loved theatrical effects. Dr Schoyen maintains rather that Harney 'was anticipating by a half-century those empirical British working-class leaders who were finally to attempt to build a non-Marxist socialist state'.

There is an element of simplification in this verdict. Harney was closer to Marx than to many of the non-Marxist British Socialists who rose to prominence in the last few decades of the century. His stormy agnosticism was not shared by many of the new men of the North, nor was his mounting fear of 'political collectivism'. His conception of social democracy was one piece only in an intricate patchwork. But in the broadest sense Dr Schoyen's verdict is fair. In the 1830s Harney had asked for universal suffrage because 'it is our right . . . it will bring freedom to our country, and happiness to our homesteads'. In the last year of his life he was still asking stubbornly, 'Amidst all the Jubilee hubbub . . . what is being done for Slumland and its wretched inhabitants? How contemptible most of the questions that engage the attention of Parliament compared with the "spreading ulcer" of East End destitution'. The fortunes of nineteenth-century British working-class politics might move with the trade cycle, as Harney realised, but there was an intellectual and a moral continuity which was never broken.

ASA BRIGGS

Shorter Reviews

It is Not So Easy to Live. By CHRISTINE ARNOTHY. *Collins.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

It is Not So Easy to Live describes the author's escape from Hungary some ten years ago, at the age of 20. She reaches Vienna with her parents, works as a nursemaid at Versailles, then marries a spoilt and childish fellow-refugee. After her wedding night, she records, she could no longer understand her heroine Madame Bovary. 'Had she really gone to Rouen twice a week for *that*?' The literary touch. It is best, she finds, to apply it in most situations to herself. And so, half starved in their cheap Paris room, she writes at a passionate novel and waits to give birth to a child. It is a bleak, dreamlike, melancholy tale, set down in the sharpest of images. Miss Arnothy is as emotional and narrowly self-absorbed as any Bashkirtseff, but she does know—one assumes from the quality of Antonia White's translation—how to put her life into words and fix them with a mordant clarity on the page.

N. L.

The Present Age: from 1920. By DAVID DAICHES. *Cresset.* 21*s.*

The five volumes of the *Introductions to English Literature* series are 'neither conventional histories nor potted handbooks', so the advertisement tells us, 'but judicious companions to guide and counsel and befriend . . .' But the truth is that Dr Daiches (author of the fifth and final volume) has 167 pages in which to cover poetry, fiction, drama and 'Critical and General Prose' (which means everything under the sun); and he can only do so by adopting handbook tactics. There is time for a hasty wave towards the things which matter ('the complex magic of *Byzantium*') and the things which don't ('E. M. W. Tillyard's thoughtful and conscientious discussions'—note the evasive phrasing—'of Shakespeare, Milton, and the English epic'), and the result is emptiness and a queerly vague and level tone:

> At the moment of writing, in the mid-1950s, the English novel seems on the whole to be in the hands of competent but unexciting professionals. Critics are arguing about whether as a literary form it is exhausted or not. But it is dangerous to try to predict the future course of any branch of literature.

Cramped for space, Dr Daiches talks in terms of movements and tendencies. This involves the sacrifice of good solitaries like Mr Betjeman—the chapter on poetry doesn't mention him—in order to discuss The Apocalypse; but there is a lot which will be useful to people like the eager Austrian in *The Third Man* who kept asking the lecturer: 'In what category do you put James Joyce?' The bibliography occupying the second half of the book is also useful, but less useful than it would have been if Dr Daiches had taken care to make it accurate.

J. J.

Marine Life of Coastal Waters. By EDOUARD LE DANOIS. *Harrap.* 63*s.*

The subjects of this book—latest among the *Living Nature* series—have changed neither their form nor their home since the Rhine withdrew from its estuary mid-way between Oslo and Aberdeen, allowing its tributaries Forth, Tweed, and Tyne to become their own rivers. Dr le Danois has limited his book to the marine life of Western Europe. It is not intended for specialists, those who can distinguish mentally between the Tompot Blenny and the Sea Lemon, but for those with roll-bottomed trousers, boater, fishnet, magnifying glass and jam-jar, who enjoy going from pool to pool on half day or holiday.

It is a gorgeous book: without doubt of greater visual interest than the reproductions of Action, Tachist, and Stone Primitive painters. The many colour plates show us a little of marine glory; the creamy urns that are sponges creeping over ribbons of eel-grass, or the fan worm with his leathery end stuck hard in the sand. For those who hoard strange facts that will lengthen conversation when politics, art, food, and scandalous acquaintance are exhausted, *Marine Life* will be a godsend. Who could resist listening to stories about the Sea-Hare? It moves at about .0005 miles per hour, and, finally reaching the tip of an eel-grass leaf, floats madly upside down along the surface film; when disturbed, this Hare spurts purple dye, and being hermaphroditic, copulates in chains that look like the grubby lace ruffs Cavaliers wore. Sea Horses, Devonshire Cup-Coral, Dead Man's Fingers, Feather Stars, the humble Whelk, Lump-suckers, Gobies and all are included, illustrated, and made plain by this excellent book. It puts a novel to shame.

C. L.

Live and Let Live. By EUSTACE CHESSER. *Heinemann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The law has always faced the difficulty, in seeking to punish the street prostitute's client as well as punishing her, that he can hardly be accused of 'aiding and abetting' her offence if at the same time

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it has to be 'proved' that she was annoying him. The Wolfenden Committee, having got rid of the 'annoyance' burden, put themselves in a logical position to suggest charging the man as an aider and abettor, on the ground that he is encouraging offences against public order and decency; but they shrank from their own logic. It is one of many points that Dr Chesser takes up in his brief but closely argued book, which Sir John Wolfenden himself introduces as 'a valuable contribution to this long-term debate . . . written with experience and authority'. It is manifestly unfair that the man should go scot-free, says Dr Chesser (p. 105), 'and the contention of the Wolfenden Committee that to punish the man is to imply that prostitution is a crime is fallacious if he is punished only for an offence committed in the street'.

The author is not impressed with the Committee's recommendations about prostitution, but he welcomes its proposals on homosexuality, though it is true, as he points out on page 97, that 'for all its admirable attempts to maintain a distinction between crime and sin the Report cannot wholly escape sharing the prejudice against homosexual conduct'. The Report, in fact, needs a commentary; and here it is – the first of its kind. By drawing attention to the few instances where the Wolfenden Committee has lapsed from strict objectivity, Dr Chesser's book will enable many a reader of both to see these problems more clearly and less emotionally. *Live and Let Live* ought to be sold as a companion volume to *Wolfenden*.

C. H. R.

Medieval England: An Aerial Survey. By M. W. Beresford and J. K. S. St. Joseph. *Cambridge.* 45*s*.

Six years ago the first of the *Cambridge Air Surveys* appeared, dealing with monastic sites. It revealed the great economy and something of the penetrative power of the air photograph; but it also showed the difficulties of combining plates and text. In this second volume the authors have been more ambitious and more successful. The subject matter is the history of the English fields, villages, towns and industries from the Anglo-Saxon settlement to the sixteenth century. The primary source is the landscape itself, shown in 117 air photographs, almost all low obliques. The technique employed is that of using photographs and documents in close combination. Sometimes a photograph has sent the authors to the documents: sometimes documents have suggested the taking of an illuminating photograph. Particularly telling juxtapositions of early maps and modern photographs demonstrate how often and how clearly the older patterns of settlement and enterprise can be detected from the air.

A wealth of social and economic history is here revealed far more tellingly and tersely than would have been possible in the printed word alone: the winning of land from the forest, the great variety of village patterns, the bold rectangles of the twelfth- and thirteenth-century town-planners, the shrinkage of villages reduced by plague and the disappearance of those absorbed in pasture, the scars left by medieval miners and the admirable houses and churches built by prosperous clothiers. But though the chief value of this book lies in its vivid and detailed illustration of changes already known to historians from documents, occasionally the photographs pose new problems. 'English industrial archaeology is still not far from its beginnings', the authors write. They show where there is profitable work to be done with the spade; and they can justly claim that they have followed the first part of Sir Thomas Browne's precept: 'there can be no clear and assured decision without an ocular exploration . . . and subterraneous enquiry'. The authors have placed the value of air photography for the study of the past beyond question. To the teacher it is invaluable in saving time and arousing curiosity; to the professional historian it gives a new precision to old truths and raises new questions; and to those who find the English landscape dull it is an indispensable stimulant.

J. O. P.

TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT:

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The three volumes of Allen and Unwin's Minerva Series of Students' Handbooks to be published on 1 May are Derek J. R. Scott's *Russian Political Institutions* (21s. or 16s. paper edition), Professor W. J. M. Mackenzie's *Free Elections* (15s. or 12s. 6d.) and Paul Reuter's *International Institutions*, translated by J. M. Chapman (28s. and 20s.).

Week-end Competition

No. 1,469 **Set by Buzfuz**

Following upon the introduction of ERNIE and now VERA, competitors are invited to give the full name and a brief description of the functions of any three of the following mechanical marvels: Dwight, Foster, Nye, Harold, Randolph, Edith, Konrad, Nikita or Norah. Entries by 6 May.

Result of No. 1,466 **Set by Scythrop**

The usual prizes are offered for a verse on the English Sunday (limit 12 lines).

Report

What on earth use is leisure when sentenced by fate
To a date with the late Mrs Grundy?

asked D. L. L. Clarke, and a hundred indignant verses echoed his complaint. Few voices were raised on behalf of the English Sunday. A. G. Mitchell's Victorian picture was a pleasant variant on the usual theme and Granville Garley's 'Skeltonic against Sunday' was amusing; but out of the Sabbath lie-a-bed, newspaper-reading, over-eating, car-driving, Telly-watching crowds J. E. Hinder's Whitmanesque tourist stood up sharply. He deserves two guineas. Joan Ackner, Margaret Dunnett, Hazel Archard and R. A. McKenzie have a guinea apiece for the offertory plate. Commended: Leo Spero, L. G. Udall, H. A. C. Evans, T. E. Hendrie, D. R. Peddy and D. A. J. S.

THE ENGLISH SUNDAY

Newly am I come among you, O Manchester, Birmingham, Smethwick, Bristol, habitations and warrens multitudinous of old Albion!
I am rude, hungry, clean, eager for love, for work and play and the interminable interfusion of personality.
But it is Sunday and the air is heavy with unmentionable foreboding, the shops bolted and shuttered, the child's swing in chains,
The youths and maidens fled to the countryside on foot and tandem, passing the streams of the aged as they file to a hundred diverse salvations!
I must eat, old native, putative camerado; show me a café, gasthof, trattoria, restaurante, coffee-house, somewhere unbarred!
(He hangs his head, as abashed, his dull eye confronts me not as he mumbles of old laws, dead kings and bishops, of the Lord's Day Observance Society, of Magna Carta)
I cannot stay to hear, I must live, I must fulfil myself, I have appetite, universality, there is within me the seed of a Nation!
Where is the port for France, I cry, old mutt'ring camerado, show me the rolling vessel, the Captain, the brown sailormen!
En avant!

J. E. Hinder

After the city churches and the Dome
I would suggest you choose a quiet seat
On a bombed place and there compare the beat
Of London's pulse with yours; or scrape a comb
Or rusted chisel from the dust of Rome;
Or trace the earthed-in course of River Fleet;
Or simply tramp the streets on tired feet;
Or else go home and sleep. You have no home?
Then, stranger, come with me; you shall eat beef
And apple pie; and taste with me the grief
Of that remorseful, downward-sloping bend
Which on Time's chart tails off our grey week's end.

Margaret Dunnett

The milk arrives, the papers come; there isn't any post.
The morning, for an English Mum, turns on the Sunday roast;
While visiting aunts go off to church, and vicars call the banns,
And Fathers polish up the car and the kids walk down to Gran's.
And much of Monday's wash goes out, and dinner's after one,
And somebody else but Mother goes and gets the dishes done.
The city spills, the country fills, how *Sunday* looks the sea!
Fresh cakes are made, a clean cloth laid, the boy friend comes to tea.
And after seven, spades hang up and mowers roll away,
And wheeling flocks in cycling socks are bound to get home today;
And dusk comes down on weary lines that crawl in from the coast,
And Monday breathes in the larder cold, congealing the Sunday roast.

Hazel Archard

(*The opinion of Nigel Molesworth,*
the curse of St Custard's)
this english sundy is uterly wet
and weedy so yar boo sucks. Wot a biz
when a BOY cant ak nachrul wearing his
sundy best cloes and liabul to get
WOSHED BY PARENTAL FORCE. *Hold still now pet.*
If theirs anything wurse than skool it is
this english sundy

becos you get skool as well. Well i bet
parents wuoldnt lik sundy skool chiz chiz.
Bags i pla truaunt and to flix WIZZ
GOSH SUPER found a bob. I dont regret
this english sundy.
(*The abuv is a Vilains Rondou*)

R. A. McKenzie

It is an English Sunday: what else could it possibly be,
With shuttered shop, and scarcely a drop, and a traffic-jam right to the sea?
The churches' doors are open wide, the pews but thinly lined,
The day is wet, one may not bet, and joy is close confined.

Depressed, depressed, all, all depressed, depressed on a gray, gray day,
And never a race-meeting may be held, or theatre put on a play.
The many delights of the continent, oh they seem so far away!
And a thousand thousand English sit and long to be mildly gay.

Joan Ackner

City Lights

Outstripped ?

And has the furious principle-wagging of the Tory backbenchers changed Mr Amory's mind? His promise to 'give further thought to this important and difficult question of dividend stripping and restrospective action' should make for an energetic debate on the Finance Bill. Messrs Houghton and Paget will no doubt split the demolition work between them – of the political and legal contention that retrospective legislation of all kinds is undesirable in principle and of the factual contention that the government's warning in 1955 applied to a practice quite different from what is now described as dividend-stripping. The backbenchers (and Lord Justice Haley) have wielded both contentions vigorously in defence of the middle classes. Most people who engage in tax avoidance devices, after all, are doing so not mainly on their own account but as professional men living on the fees paid by rich and innocent clients. It is not at all pleasant to find that your clients are to be retrospectively mulcted for having taken your expert advice.

The Chancellor's original proposal, moreover, raised fears that the Revenue might be abandoning the tolerant and sporting line it has followed under the Tory administration. Until now, it has tended to interfere only when it was being obviously defrauded of income-tax on a really large-scale. The stopping of profitable loopholes has not taken up overmuch of the Revenue's time – surtax and death duties are still only for those foolish creatures who refuse to take competent professional advice. It would be nothing short of a calamity if Somerset House were to change its habits now with a general election so close!

* * *

There still appears to be a certain amount of friendly commercial rivalry inside British industry. Terylene, sales of which doubled last year, is manufactured by Imperial Chemical under licence from the Calico Printers' Association. It has now been announced that British Celanese – which was recently taken over by Courtaulds – is opposing an extension of the patent rights. Imperial Chemical has put its expensive shirt on Terylene (it will continue to own the name, of course, whatever happens) and the case will be followed with interest – not least by shareholders in Calico Printers whose royalty income provides a good part of its profits.

* * *

Guthrie & Co., one of the City's established names, is a private company of the agency kind which fee'd the gorgeous East in the 19th century. It manages the affairs of a number of large estates in Malaya, and its shareholders are at present engaged on a fascinating little operation. The heart of it is that they are to sell just under half of their shares to another, quoted, company in which they have already acquired a controlling interest. In exchange they will get a certain amount of cash (part of which Guthries is to provide by a related transaction) and a certain number of shares in the second company (some will probably be sold to bring their holding below the 75 per cent. level at which surtax directions become operative): the remainder of the purchase price the new company will pay over as and when it thinks reasonable, provided that it keeps its dividend to a minimum of 10 per cent.

The advantages of this operation are not to be denied. Guthrie shareholders will immediately receive a little cash tax-free and an effective Stock Exchange quotation for half their shares; they can pay themselves another £324,000, not liable to surtax, out of current profits as and when circumstances suit them.

* * *

It is an extraordinary fact that the Unilever group spent £83m on advertising last year – almost as much as its total trading profit. It is clear, too, that it intends to go on spending more on advertising, whatever other people may feel about its professed aim of not only giving the consumer what she wants but finding out what she will want next year and the year after. A permanent price reduction, Lord Heyworth informs the coupon-haters, is no alternative to promotion – 'we have tried it, and it did not work. The amount of money which is saved by dropping the promotion is too small to make any significant impact if it is applied to reducing the price'.

Taurus

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including Dartmoor,
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MEANS OF COMMUNICATION WITH 1,800m. POTENTIAL CONSUMERS

PREREQUISITE TO REAL FREEDOM OF CHOICE AND AID TO MATERIAL PROGRESS

PRICE FACTOR: UNREALISTIC COMPARISON BETWEEN COST OF ADVERTISED AND NON-ADVERTISED PRODUCTS

TELEVISION AND ADVERTISING

LORD HEYWORTH ANSWERS SOME CRITICISMS

The Annual General Meeting of the Members of Unilever Limited was held on 24 April at The Hall of the Chartered Insurance Institute, 20, Aldermanbury, London, E.C.2. Lord Heyworth presided.

Addressing the Meeting the Chairman said:

In 1957 Unilever spent on advertising £83 million. True, this expenditure covered hundreds of brands and a wide range of goods such as soaps, toilet preparations, margarines and other foodstuffs; it was spread over nearly two hundred companies; it was spread over more than a hundred countries, fifty of them being countries where we manufacture and market and the rest territories where our products are sold; North America alone accounted for nearly half the total. But with all these qualifications £83 million remains a sum of sufficient magnitude in its own right – almost equal to the trading profit for the same period – to warrant the choice of advertising as the subject for my address today. Moreover, advertising has played – and will always play – a vital part in the growth of Unilever. And if a topical note is required, it is to be found in the Directors' Report, which tells you that in 1957 we were compelled to increase our advertising expenses, with a consequent reduction in net profits despite a greater turnover.

I do not then apologise for my choice of subject. Nor have I any intention of making an apology for advertising, and if I try to deal with some of the criticisms of advertising which have been voiced in recent years, please do not think that I am doing so in the white sheet of penitence.

CHANNEL OF COMMUNICATION

Advertising must expect to be criticised. It is part of our daily life and because it is a very public act, everyone is conscious of it. It is a matter of public interest and as such, open to comment. Everyone has his or her views about it and everyone expresses them. Some dislike it, or some of its manifestations, and readily assume that the rest of the public share that dislike. But the consumer would often be hard put to make her choice without it. And to us, advertising is a necessary part of our business because it is the way we communicate with our customers. 1,800 million consumers – the whole population of the free world – make up the potential market for our goods and there is no other way to communicate with them. We spend large sums of money, time and thought on the development and manufacture of the goods we believe the consumer wants. It would be foolish indeed to stop short at that point, and not take steps to tell them what we have to sell and try to persuade them to buy.

First and foremost, then, the advertiser, whether he be the huckster in the market-place crying his wares to those within earshot, or the big advertiser communicating with millions through the Press or the television screen, is communicating with his customers. But, more than just business communication, advertising is essential to a free economy. A free economy presupposes freedom of choice for the consumer, just as at the other extreme a totalitarian economy restricts freedom of choice by restricting what can be chosen. Freedom of choice for someone who is not made aware of the alternatives from which choice can be made is an illusion. More than that, freedom of choice includes freedom to try to persuade others to your way of thinking, and, for us, advertising in a free economy is not only our means of informing the consumer how she may exercise her choice but also of asking her to exercise it in our favour. No doubt the fact that advertising is essential to real freedom of choice is one reason for its being disliked by those who believe with Oliver Cromwell that the public should have 'Not what they want but what is good for them'.

PUBLIC NOT EASILY MISLED

An idea appears to have grown up that people must be protected – though what they are to be protected from is not always clear. From making the wrong choice, I suppose, or what the benevolent and protective planner *thinks* is the wrong choice. I am sometimes tempted to wonder by what criterion those who think on these lines propose to divide the population into the select minority who are to have the right to pick and choose, and the remainder who are not considered fit to do so. Will provision be made for transfer rights from one group to the other – the issue, maybe, under appropriate safeguards, of a provisional Learner's Licence to pick and choose for six months, pending passing the test?

But seriously, I think that most people are a good deal tougher than those who wish to protect them in this way have realised. Naturally they will sometimes make mistakes, but they learn from those mistakes, and build up a resistance which one might compare to that which the human body develops from measles and other childhood ailments. As a result, they are not all that easily misled. And they are essentially human. Their lives revolve round the places where they live, their families and their gardens. They are full of plans for the betterment of their homes, for providing good things for their children, dressing better, striving towards an improved standard of life. They lay great store by what they possess and what they have achieved. In these matters they have a well-developed sense of self-protection. They want to lead their own lives in their own way, and above all they want freedom of choice, including the right to make their choice, for whatever reasons seem best to them, whether they be emotional or icily rational.

AID TO MATERIAL PROGRESS

Advertising, I have suggested, is a prerequisite to real freedom of choice. It is also an aid to material progress. No society can remain static; it must either progress or deteriorate. Most are striving to improve their standards of living, to reduce poverty and drudgery. How, then, does advertising help to bring about a rising standard of living? First, I suggest by making people receptive to the idea of change. For, paradoxically, although human beings want to improve, there exists in most of us a certain inertia towards change and one of the justifications of advertising is the part which its persuasive power plays in helping to overcome that inertia and bringing people to see that the old ways are not necessarily the best ways. To take one example from our own past, one might ask what the British soap trade would be like today but for the first Lord Leverhulme's passionate belief in advertising. How much longer would it have taken to get beyond the anonymous bulk of the long unwrapped bars that were the normal form of soap until he burst upon the scene? And if the force of advertising sometimes seems to be not so much to persuade as to act as an irritant, that is not necessarily a bad thing either. Anything that attempts to change us or jerk us out of our existing habits is apt to be regarded as an irritant. Yet although a challenge to go one better than before can be an uncomfortable bed-fellow it is a prime cause of progress in every field of human life, and it is advertising that brings that challenge home to the individual.

CONTRIBUTION TO ECONOMIC STABILITY

While I am dealing with the part played by advertising in general in the economic life of the community, I should make a brief reference to its contribution in bringing about economic stability. For advertising not only promotes the development of new products but helps to establish them on a more predictable basis and thus mitigates violent fluctuations. Indeed, many economists now think that in a recession advertising expenditure should be increased, not cut down. In a time of depression anything that helps to re-animate economic activity is of enhanced value. Certainly our own experience suggests that in a slump the well established and advertised brand will hold its sales better than its non-advertised counterpart, even when the latter is priced lower.

'WHO IS PAYING?'

Now, who is paying for the advertising? It is often said – sometimes with some asperity – that the consumer always pays. In a sense that is perfectly true, since advertising is part of the cost of the product. But it is a fallacy to go on from there, as many do, to the inference that if the advertising were cut out the goods would be cheaper. This comparison between the cost of advertised goods and what it is said would be the cost of the same goods unadvertised is completely unreal. A world without advertising would be a different world and it is impossible to make any comparison that would have any meaning.

Advertising is certainly one of the costs of a product but it is a cost which brings savings in its wake. On the distribution side it speeds up the turnover of stock and thus makes lower retail margins possible, without reducing the shopkeeper's income. On the manufacturing side it is one of the factors that make large scale production possible and who would deny that large scale production leads to lower costs? This reduction in costs is perhaps most clearly seen in the field of what economists call 'consumer durables', such things as motorcars, television sets and refrigerators, all heavily advertised. But the same result is achieved in consumer goods of the kind which we produce. Take, for example, two of our best-known products, the soap powder Persil in the United Kingdom and the margarine Blue Band in Holland. Both have been consistently and heavily advertised. The prices of both, though they have not fallen, have kept below the general rise in consumer prices. If we take the price of Persil and Blue Band as 100 in 1938 and the Cost of Living index in both countries, at that time as 100 also, Persil in 1957 had risen to 148 against a rise in the Cost of Living index to 264, while Blue Band had risen to 267, against a rise in the index to 310. The comparison becomes even more striking when one remembers that not only were the prices of oils and fats about six times as high in 1957 as they were in 1938, but that the quality of the products has been noticeably improved.

Large-scale production does not only result in lower costs for the specific goods produced, but is also usually associated with high productivity of labour and the result is higher real wages. In the United States, where there is more advertising than anywhere in the world, the wages of the worker will buy a bigger and more varied basket of products than those of his counterpart in Britain or Holland. This fact does not of itself provide final proof of the value of advertising, for the actual and potential resources of the United States are enormous and that could be the answer. But the fact remains that Americans believe – and we join them in that belief – that among the instruments necessary to turn that enormous potential into usable consumer resources advertising plays the leading part. It would indeed be a sorry thing if in this time of increasing scientific change and development, advertising were to be forbidden to play its part in translating the fertile thoughts of scientists into results that mean something in everyday life.

UNILEVER'S OWN EXPERIENCE

Up to this point I have been outlining in a general way some of the benefits which I believe that advertising brings to the economy of a country. The story has had to be brief and I have not, I know, covered all the aspects. But there I must leave it and for the second half of my speech turn to some of our own experiences as a big advertiser.

First, let us take note of the fact that advertising reflects the quickened tempo of our times. New products and product improvements follow fast upon each other and news of them reaches mass audiences quicker than before. People switch more readily to more convenient or more efficient innovations and the advertiser must spend more money more quickly if he is to bring home to the consumer the advantages which his product offers, and not risk the loss of his market. Competition is an integral part of this quickened tempo and intense competition increases advertising expenditure. But manufacturers compete because there is a prize worth winning, and in doing so they tend, in our experience, to develop the potential market more rapidly than could be done by one manufacturer alone. And the consumer too, gains from the manufacturer's incentive to improve his product and the greater choice that results from new products.

Our own records provide some measure of the increased pace of life since the war. Nearly one quarter of our detergents trade in the United Kingdom, and one-third in Holland, come from products that have been first put on the market in the last six years. Nearly 70% of our margarine sales in Germany and 61% of the total turnover of our Lever Company in the United States comes from products introduced in the same period. This acceleration has changed some of our businesses substantially within the last few years and the need to keep pace with changes like this has caused us to spend considerably more heavily on advertising in a number of countries. In general, the more sophisticated the country the greater the advertising.

But though the weight of our advertising may vary from country to country, certain broad principles seem to be established. First, the need for courage to risk making mistakes. We have to try things. If the attempt fails, the money is wasted. That may be deplored, but it is a risk comparable to those we run in research, where a proportion of the projects pursued by our scientists are almost bound to end up in blind alleys. This is all part of the price we pay for finding out what works.

Just as one must have the nerve to risk making mistakes, so must one have courage in deciding how much money needs to be spent on a particular product or promotion. There is no cut-and-dried formula. We have to build on our experience to find out how to spend no more and no less than is needed to achieve the object. Refusal to recognise that the moment has come to cut one's losses is a serious mistake; but so is the failure to appreciate that to keep on that little bit longer may be just what is needed to turn the scales and make a product a success instead of a failure.

WIDE CHOICE OF MEDIA

Today there are available many means of advertising: newspapers, magazines, posters, the cinema, wireless and television. There is shop display, and there are the many forms of schemes such as coupons, bargain packs and other methods of sampling. The advertiser must choose which to use and in what proportions, so as to get the best return for his money and cut wasteful overlapping to the minimum. This is a big potential source of error which can be very costly, since the cost of buying space in the newspaper or time on the air is extremely high, and in fact normally greater than the cost of composing the advertising. In so far as the solution to this problem of the choice of media lies in more accurate information about the extent and nature of their circulation, a responsibility lies on the owners of the media as well as on the advertisers. In the United Kingdom, the Netherlands and two or three other countries, excellent information is available, but in most countries Unilever companies are still struggling with problems for whose solution much basic information is lacking. The media owners can play a big part by providing this information, which will make possible more effective and less wasteful advertising.

TELEVISION

The most recent means of advertising is Television and I will mention briefly our present assessment of this medium. Its growth in the United States and Canada in the past few years has been remarkable and we are now witnessing a comparable development in the United Kingdom where, after the controversy and doubts which preceded its introduction, Commercial Television is now firmly established. In Holland, where the whole question is at present under discussion, we have no doubt that the use of television for advertising is bound to come before long.

Television costs the advertiser a lot but it is worth the money, and it gets more economic as it covers more and more of the country. Both in the United States, where it is now generally our first choice, and in Britain, it has provided a means of communicating with our consumers in a way that not only seems

[continued overleaf]

APPENDIX I

COMPARISON BETWEEN RISE IN PRICE OF TYPICAL UNILEVER BRANDED PRODUCTS AND RISE IN COST OF LIVING, 1938-1957.

		1957 (1938 = 100)	
		Cost of Living Index	Unilever Consumer selling price index
United Kingdom:		264	
	Persil soap powder		148
	Lux flakes		270
	Vim		172
	Lux Toilet soap		280*
	Stork margarine		263
	Sausages		220
	Ice cream		150
			*224 excluding Purchase Tax
Holland:		310	
	Sunlight soap		294
	Radion soap powder		270
	Vim		223
	Lux Toilet soap		284
	Blue Band margarine		267
Belgium:		412	
	Sunlight soap		355
	Soleil soap powder		240
	Vim		250
	Lux Toilet soap		275
	Solo margarine..		250
France:		2,482	
	Persil soap powder		2,188
	Lux Toilet soap		2,857
Germany:		180	
	Sunlight soap		210
	Vim		186
USA:		199	
	Lux Toilet soap		163
	Lifebuoy soap		206
	Rinso soap powder		183
Australia:		286	
	Sunlight soap		310
	Velvet soap		271
	Rinso soap powder		231
India:		325	
	Sunlight soap		384
	Lux Toilet soap		215

NOTE:—Products with high oils/fat content, e.g. margarine, hard soaps and toilet soaps, etc. are particularly affected by the substantial rise in oils and fats prices—which in 1957 were about six times as high as in 1938.

very welcome to them but has proved efficient to us. There are still a number of transitional problems and uncertainties but by the end of 1957 it was covering one-third of the homes in the country and is clearly taking its place as yet another national medium for advertising. This is not to say that as time goes by it will necessarily grow at the expense of other media. Not all products are ideally suited for advertising on television. Moreover, in a developing economy in which more and more advertisers are seeking ways of advertising a growing diversity of products one can expect a general increase in all the means of advertising. American experience points to this conclusion. In the United States television advertising revenue continued to increase in 1957 but radio had a surprising revival and reversed the downward trend that had started in 1952. Newspapers, too, and magazines increased their advertising revenue while the outdoor advertising business enjoyed a record year.

NEED FOR FREE AND GENUINE COMPETITION

At present there is a severe practical limit to the amount of advertising that Television can take. In the United Kingdom it is already difficult for advertisers to get all the time they want and this difficulty will get more acute unless and until another service is provided. It seems to me that this will have to come and that, once the plunge has been taken and the decision made to allow Commercial Television at all, it is no more than logical to allow free and genuine competition in this new field. This would give viewers still greater choice at no extra cost to themselves, and since commercial television can only pay for itself by attracting worth-while audiences, the emphasis will remain on the quality of programme that will persuade people to watch it.

Doubts are usually expressed about this quality of the programmes when the possible introduction of commercial television in a country is under consideration. The opponents fear that to attract mass audiences the programmes will be designed to appeal to the lowest common denominator of public taste and that Gresham's Law—a very hard-worked, and indeed misapplied, metaphor in this context—will operate to bring all programmes down to the same vulgar level. But it does not seem to have worked out quite like that in the United Kingdom. Sir Robert Fraser, head of the British Independent Television Authority, had some interesting things to say on this theme when he spoke at Bonn early in March. He pointed out, for example, that in 1955, before the coming of commercial television, there were only four programmes of religion in the average ten-week period, one church service and three discussion programmes; now there were thirty-two, twelve services and twenty discussion programmes. Similarly, where previously there had been only two programmes a week which dealt mainly with politics and current affairs, there were now nine. And, as he said, it was difficult not to believe that in this way television was reducing the passion and prejudice of the democratic party conflict and leading us perhaps a little closer to the ideal of a fair-minded and temperate democracy.

PROMOTION SCHEMES

Apart from television, the form of advertising that attracts most attention today—not all of it friendly—is coupons, bargain packs and similar offers.

Some people seem to think that there is something bogus about these promotion schemes and that their cost would be better applied in making a permanent price reduction. They suggest that if a manufacturer can from time to time offer a soap powder, for example, at, say, 4d. below the normal price, he could equally well afford to reduce the price permanently—if not by the full 4d., at least by some smaller sum. This suggestion misses the point that for the scheme to succeed in its first object, which is to induce people to sample the product, it has got to represent an opportunity to get the product at a genuine bargain price, and for that reason the offer cannot be other than temporary.

Now, if it be asked why we should go on making people sample our products when they are still the same, the answer is that they are not the same. I mentioned earlier the changes that had come about in our business in the past few years through the introduction of new products. What is less obvious is that our products, new and old, are continually being changed and improved from year to year. As examples, in the past five years in the United Kingdom there have been four changes in Lux Toilet Soap, six in Persil, two in Omo and two in Gibbs S.R. toothpaste. In Holland in the same period there have been five changes in Blue Band, three in Lux Toilet Soap, six in Omo, five in Sunil, five in Radion and two in Vim. While some of these are old-established products and some are relatively new, all are subject to change as we go on finding ways of making our products more efficient and more acceptable. Big changes are rare but small improvements are constantly being made, which over the years add up to big developments. This continual state of evolution is enough to justify our constantly persuading the public to give them a further trial. We want the public to get quickly acquainted with each change, particuluarly as we find that the public sometimes disagree with us that a change is an improvement. It is a matter of very practical importance to us to find out quickly whether the change we have made is to the public taste.

The other purpose of a promotional scheme is to make our advertising more effective, for the claim made by an advertisement is much more intelligible to the consumer if he or she is actually using a product at the time we advertise. She can verify for herself what we mean, for example, when we talk about the whiteness of Persil, the brightness of Omo or the perfume of a toilet soap.

COUPONING

A permanent price reduction is not the alternative to promotions. We have tried it, and it did not work. The amount of money which is saved by dropping the promotion is too small to make any significant impact if it is applied to reducing the price. And the fact is that if we were to drop promotions we would have to find other ways of achieving the same objects, not necessarily so efficient and not necessarily less expensive. But we are not rigid in outlook and we continually search for new ideas and forms of promotions, as the attitude of the consumer and her needs keep changing. For example, in 1954, 24% of our advertising expenditure in the United Kingdom and 20% in Holland went on couponing. In 1957 the proportions were 13% for the United Kingdom, 11% for Holland. But though this reflects our assessment of the changing pattern, we still consider couponing one of the most effective methods of introducing a new or an improved line.

MARKET RESEARCH

I have more than once mentioned the pattern of change. The advertiser himself must be flexible and adaptable to change, he must constantly question his own experience and be alert to recognise the change inevitable in all human and social behaviour, and one of the tools of the trade that helps him to do so is the way he gets information about the consumer's real needs.

Methods of statistical market research have been evolving and developing in the last 30 years and their techniques are well known. They still depend on getting answers to questions and the answers will never be better than the questions asked. A wrong question may produce a misleading answer, causing wasted advertising expenditure and perhaps serious business losses. The business man has relied on his experience and commonsense to prevent him asking silly and misleading questions and now psychological study is beginning to add a new tool to market research and perhaps bringing further accuracy to the science of advertising. The first Lord Leverhulme used to say that half his advertising was wasted, but he never knew which half. We hope that we are on the way to bettering that score.

Information through research is the basis on which a business forecasts future patterns. Our aim must be not only to give the consumer what she wants, but to find out what she will want—next year and the year after. We have to discover her latent wants and be ready to meet them when she becomes aware of them.

CONCLUSIONS

Within the limits of this speech I have not been able to deal with more than a few aspects of a very large subject. Some facets of advertising are, I know, easy targets for the criticism of the intellectual, and some of the criticism is legitimate. But just as advertising sometimes overstates the case, so does its critic. He will tell you, for example, that the money-grubbing advertiser tempts people into spending more than they can afford and thus reduces them to a state of misery through financial worry, at the same time continuing to tantalise them with the prospect of all the other delectable things that they cannot buy. This particular attack, I may say, leaves Unilever's withers reasonably unwrung, for we have yet to hear of a housewife driven to bankruptcy through lavish expenditure on soap, margarine, sausages or toothpaste. But all such criticism leads, in the end, to the dilemma of weighing the need to protect the weak-willed and weak-witted minority against the need to leave the robust and shrewd majority with the right to pick and choose for themselves. Let us by all means continue to improve the ethics of advertising, which indeed in many countries is already subject to codes of conduct far stricter than some critics realise. But if this process of improvement results in the advertiser being deprived of the basic right to try to persuade the consumer to exercise her choice in his favour, the consumer, too, will find that she has lost something. She will have lost her freedom of choice.

The Chairman concluded by moving the adoption of the Report and Accounts for the year 1957. Mr. G. J. Cole, Vice-Chairman, seconded the motion and it was carried unanimously.

The proposed final dividend of 11½ per cent on the Ordinary Stock and a dividend of 6 per cent on the Deferred Stock payable on 13 May 1958 were approved.

The retiring Directors were re-appointed.

The remuneration of the Auditors, Messrs. Cooper Brothers & Co. and Messrs. Price Waterhouse & Co., who had been re-appointed under the provisions of the Companies Act 1948, was fixed.

The proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the Chairman, Directors and all employees.

APPENDIX II

SALES OF PRODUCTS INTRODUCED SINCE 1951 SHOWN AS A PERCENTAGE OF SALES IN 1957

		Margarine	Detergents	Toilet Preparations	Foods
		%	%	%	%
United Kingdom		30	22	32	23
United States:	Lever	56	71	8	100
	Lipton				14
Canada:	Lever		55	16	
	Lipton				12
Netherlands			34	11	17
France			59	25	100
Belgium		41	15	25	61
Germany		69	52	27	

UNILEVER N.V.

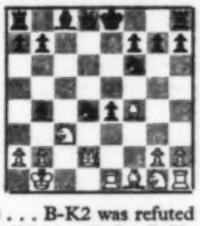
The Annual General Meeting of the Members of Unilever N.V. was held on 24 April at Museumpark, Rotterdam. Mr F. J. Tempel presided and made a speech in similar terms to that delivered by Lord Heyworth at the Annual General Meeting of Unilever Limited, reported above.

The Report and Accounts for the year 1957 were adopted. The proposed final dividend of 10¼ per cent (being the equivalent of the final dividend for the same year to be paid by Unilever Limited to its Ordinary Stockholders calculated in accordance with the provisions of the Equalisation Agreement) was approved, the retiring Directors were re-appointed and the Auditors, Messrs. Price Waterhouse & Co. and Messrs. Cooper Brothers & Co., were re-appointed.

The Chess Board

No. 441. The Fly in the Ointment

The trouble is that, as often as not, the fly remains undetected until the game is over: too late to reverse the result, but never too late to find the ultimate truth and thereby to provide a chess-player's only consolation for seeing a pretty combination posthumously spoiled. Take this position won by Salviolo more than 40 years ago and recently dug out by Paul Schlensker in his *Schach-Echo* column. White won by (1) Kt x P, B x Q; (2) Kt x Kt ch, K-B1; (3) B-Q6 ch, Q x B; (4) R-K8; moreover, he had seen that (1) . . . B-K2 was refuted by (2) Kt-Q6 ch, and (1) . . . B-KB4 by (2) Q x B. He has even provided for (1) . . . Q-Kt3 to be countered by (2) Kt x Kt ch, K-Q1; (3) B-B7 ch!! Yet, Black could have avoided all that trouble by simply castling out of danger, recovering his piece later and getting at least a level game or even a win like this: (1) . . . O-O! (2) Q x B, Kt x Kt; (3) R x Kt, B-B4; (4) B-Q3, Kt-K3!; (5) B-B2, Kt x B; (6) R x Kt?, Q-Q8 mate. White has better variations than this one but none to give him an advantage.

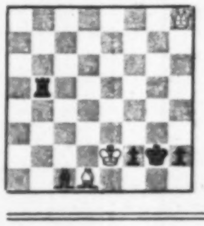


Now here's an ointment the fly in which was discovered in good time. /6k1/p1qrppbp/6p1/8/Q7/2P1B3/PP3PPP/3R3K/. The position arose in a simultaneous performance of Koltanowski's whose opponent, hoping to flummox the master by (1) . . . Q-B3 was rudely awakened from his dream by (2) R x R!, Q x Q; (3) R-Q8 ch, B-B1; (4) B-R6, Q-Q8 ch (forced); (5) R x Q, B x B; (6) R-Q7, etc.

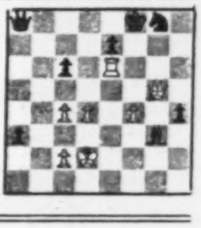
No less obvious (though undetected) was the flaw of a combination arising from this position. /q2r2k1/1b3pbp / 4p1p1 / p1BktP3 / Pp2Kt3 / 3B3Q / 1r3PPP / 3RR1K1/. The actual sequel was (1) Kt-Kt5, P-R3; (2) Kt x KP?, P x Kt??; (3) Q x P ch, K-R1; (4) Q x P and mates next move. Black, of course, could have refuted the onslaught by (2) . . . B-QB1!. Finally—Reyss-Klaarwater, 1932—here's a very interesting position. /4rrk1/p2Q2pp/1p2pp2/3ktKt3/6P1/PP4Bq/5P1P/2R3K1/. White played (1) R-B8, satisfied that, on account of the threat of smothered mate, Black mustn't take the R. What actually happened was . . . R-K2??; (2) Q-Q8!, R(2)-KB2; (3) Kt-Q7 and Black resigned. Yet, only two moves earlier he could have refuted the combination in so simple and truly "pedestrian" a manner that (after so useful a hint) this should be a very easy 4-pointer for beginners. Black has a more brilliant move as well to banish any danger and to secure his own win. For this I offer an additional bonus of 3 ladder-points.

B and **C** (for 6 and 7 points) are both wins and should be easy enough with the useful hint that a Q-sacrifice is involved in each of them. Usual prizes. Entries by 5 May.

B: M. Gohn 1956



C: Leonid Kubbel 1925



REPORT on No. 438. Set 5 April

A: (1) P=Kt, K x KP; (2) P-B6 ch etc. If (1) . . . K x BP; (2) P-Kt6 etc.

B: (1) R-R8 ch, B x R; (2) Q-Kt5 ch, K x Q; (3) B-Kt7, K-R4; (4) P=B!, K-Kt4; (5) B-QB6, K-R4; (6) B-R4, K-Kt4; (7) B-Q1! K-R4; (8) P-R4!, B x B mate.

C: (1) Q-Kt3, K x P; (2) Kt-Q1 ch, K-Q4; (3) R-K8, K-B3; (4) Q-K3, K-Kt2(Q4); (5) B-B5, K-B3; (6) Q-B5 ch, K-Kt2; (7) P-Q3, P x P; (8) R-QR2!, P-Q7; (9) P-B4, P x P; (10) B-B2, P-B6; (11) P-Kt5, P x P; (12) P-R6 mate.

if (4) . . . K-B2; (5) R-B8 ch, K-Kt2; (6) P-Q3, P x P; (7) R-QR2, P-Q7; (8) P-B4, P x P; (9) Q-QB3, K-R2; (10) B-K3 ch, K-Kt2; (11) P-Kt5 etc.

D: (1) Kt-B6 ch! (P-R7 ch?), K-R1 (best); (2) Kt-B3! (Kt-K4?), B-B6! [best, so as to guard against Kt-K5 and mate]; (3) Kt-Q5! B-R4! [. . . B-R8 being defeated by K-R2!]; (4) K-R4, Kt-Kt2; (5) K-Kt5, B-Q1; (6) K-B6, Kt-R4 ch; (7) K-Q7, Kt-Kt2; (8) K-B8 etc.

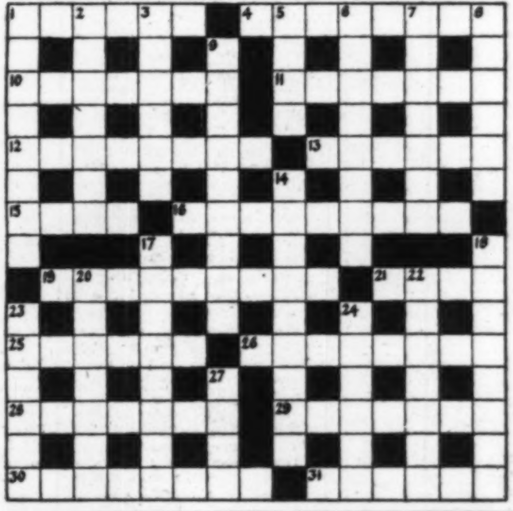
E: (1) Kt-Q7 ch!, K-Q3; (2) B-B4 ch! (B-B5 ch?), K x Kt; (3) B-Kt4 ch!, K-K1 (best); (4) B-R5, Q x B; (5) Kt-B6 ch, K-B2; (6) Kt x Q, K-Kt3!; (7) B-Kt3!!, Kt x B; (8) Kt-B4 ch!, K any; (9) Kt-Q3, Kt-B5 ch; (10) K-Kt3!, Kt-R4 ch; (11) K-B2 etc.

Quite a lot and far from easy. Prizes: J. R. Harman A. J. Roycroft, C. Sandberg, M. B. Yeats.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 300

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 300, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 6 May.



ACROSS

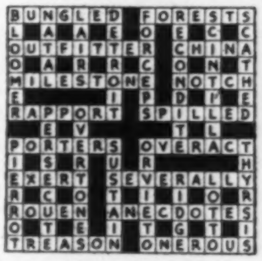
1. Outward appearance which would be much the same without advertisement (6).
4. Places of amusement which are not just inside (8).
10. Play with messy treacle (7).
11. Island for a barber (7).
12. A bishop once said differently (8).
13. A weight to start with, but not on any scale (6).
15. 'The constellated flower that never ——' (Shelley) (4).
16. Sincerely as the young birds are embraced by the worm-catchers? (9).
19. Restaurant with a band in front of the lake? (9).
21. River in the broadcast (4).
25. Examination which means a reverse for those who are good in class (6).
26. Lengths the House will go to on a question of national service? (8).
28. 'Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ——' (Bacon) (7).
29. A statesman is at the forefront of those who show least understanding (7).
30. Am hanged if this place is rebuilt (8).
31. Attractive and would become a victim if the race were lost (6).

DOWN

1. Like a devil I finish up among the swimmers (8).
2. Smoke for a brave man in bed (7).
3. Thus I would be treated if I were small (6).
5. Place in which the menu is terribly expensive (4).
6. Swiftest to escape the trial (8).
7. Leave me plain disorganised or put on a list (7).
8. If it rose, the monster would have one's friend caught before a second (6).
9. Actor who is a creative person beyond the pale (9).
14. Wind which creates a depression? (9).
17. Someone from a Baltic land makes a revolution in Eastern nations (8).
18. Home amid the sacred in truth (8).
20. Giving a lift in a bit of horseplay I do wrong (7).
22. Most handsome in undergarments (7).
23. London street for a bit of a yarn (6).
24. Sportsman who has a viewpoint on the river (6).
27. With a pal she makes an ancient city (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 298



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 298

W. F. Jervis (Godstone), J. K. Best (Birmingham 29), Mrs A. M. Tait (Ashford)

WHERE TO STAY

VISIT lovely Connemara for carefree peaceful holidays. Dooneen House, Letterfrack, Connemara, Co. Galway, Ireland, offers first-class accommodation, h. & c. all bedrms, sea & river fishing, terms mod.

MOUNTAIN Farmhouse, Snowdonia. Suit hill-lovers. 7 mls from sea. Fishing. Lovely situation. Good food. Every comfort. 8 gns a week incl. Box 9422.

SOUTH West Wales. Carmarthen Bay. Homely accommodation in country house near Pendine. Beautiful coastal scenery and interesting district. Terms 7 gns. Broadway Mansion, Laugharne, Carms. Laugharne 25.

HOVE, Chatsworth Hotel, Salisbury Rd. Charming small hotel noted for excellent food & comf. 5 mins. sea. Hove 37360.

KESWICK.—Visit Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads. Beautiful scenery, good food. Tel. 508.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food & fires. Friendly & informal. 6/7 gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Llanwrst 166.

OLD Norton House Hotel, on the Green of the famous seaside village, Rottingdean, Brighton. Imaginative & plentiful food; tasteful atmosphere; cent. htg. Fr. 8½ gns. Brochure. Tel. 3120. Prop. D. Chapman, MP.

CORNISH farm acc. Aug. booked. 2 mls. Perranporth. Crewes, Rose, Truro.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

GOODRINGTON Sands, few minutes sea. Coleman, Sea-Joy, Elmsleigh Park, Paignton, Devon. Tel. 58825.

LONDON, WC1, Ambassadors Hotel. Bed and Breakfast. Single room 28s. Double room 54s. No surcharge. Nr Kings X, Euston and St. Pancras Stns. EUS. 1456.

SPRING and Summer holidays. Barricane Private Hotel adjoining three miles golden sands. Write M. Garness, Woolacombe, Devon. Telephone Woolacombe 44.

CORNWALL. Guests welc. Attrac. old hse 3 mins harb. Lawn House, Mevagissey.

DEVON. 'Fontenaye' Gsthse, Combemartin 2366. Fine Posn. Close sea, Ex. cen.

SUSSEX. Whinrig Guest House, Horam. 'Phone 211. 12 miles Eastbourne. Own produce. Everything home-made. From 6 gns.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

BOURNEMOUTH, Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel.: 1944, 33 rms. 150 yards sea front; Gdns, Putting grn, Garages. Superlative food. June 9 gns. July/Aug. 10-12 gns.

COTSWOLDS. Simple cntry hse: lovely valley, lge grdn, own produce, recreation room, terms mod., reduction yng families till July. Steanbridge, Nr. Stroud, Glos.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

NEW Forest. Beaulieu/Lymington. 8½ gns. p.w. inc. daily ride. Good horses, ponies. Extra riding, driving lessons, reas. charges. All mod. cons. Home-grown produce. Grayson Stone, Heathcote, East Boldre, Hants.

VISITORS to London should stay at 98, Palace Gardens Terrace, Kensington, W8. Comfortable, homely, central. B. & B. dble 29s., single 15s. 6d. Phone BAY. 5985.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on & off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country, 5s., pge. 4d. from Victor Hilton (N.S.), Harbourside, Torquay.

LAKES. Mans. Beaut. view, mod. furn. Reas. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 2334.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

ANYTHING from Frothy Novels to Abstruse Academic Writings can be safely entrusted to our panel of typists. They wilt at nothing. Also Stenorette Tape Typing Service. Dutton's Secretarial Service, Ltd, 92 Gt Russell Street, WC1. MUSeum 7379.

ENTRUST it to the Experts—you can rely on our reputation. 100,000 words in 7 days (also priority service for urgent work). Accurate, correct presentation of MSS., theses, plays, etc. Duplicating (equipped for electronic stencils). Tapes transcribed. Translations. Overnight and week-end service—Office open: Weekdays 9-9 p.m. Sundays to 6 p.m. Enquiries to Colonel Seed, Chippendale & Partners, 40 Poland St, Oxford Circus, W1. GERard 2835/6.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS—continued

EXPERT Dupg./Typg. Theses, MSS, plays. Miss Stone, 446 Strand. TEM. 5984.

FOR rapid & reliable duplicating & typing reports, theses, references, etc. Abbey Secretarial Bureau, 4 Victoria Street, SW1. ABB. 3722, Rush jobs.

ALL Types of Typewriting and Duplicating done directly. MSS, Plays, Scripts, Short Stories, etc. Speed is the keynote of our efficient, faultless, inexpensive service. Colinad Co., Ltd, 117 City Rd, EC1. CLE. 9637 (5 doors from Old St Tube Stn).

DUPLICATING & Typing. Key Agency, 24 Kensington Church St, W8. WES. 8835.

DUPLICATING, Typewriting & all secretarial Services. Circulars prepared and dispatched. Dictation by telephone. Music copying and reproduction. Apollo Agency, 18 Hanover St, W1. MAYfair 5091.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplication service. 31 Kensington Church St, London, W8. WES 5809.

SCHOOLS

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A., Ed.B.

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Freedom & self-government for day children and weekly boarders. Small classes. Tuition fee 27½ gns; weekly boarders, 30 gns. extra a term. Headmaster: J. East.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY

Research School of Pacific Studies

Applications are invited for two appointments in the DEPARTMENT OF FAR EASTERN HISTORY (Head of Department: Professor C. P. FitzGerald as: SENIOR FELLOW (pref. Japanologist). RESEARCH FELLOW (preferably qualified in Japanese)

The salary and range for a Senior Fellow are determined within the limits £A2,490-3,000, and appointment is made for an initial period of five years; thereafter it may be made permanent. A Senior Fellow is entitled to one year's study leave on full pay plus contribution towards travel and other expenses in every six years. The salary range for Research Fellows is £A1,350-2,000 and appointment is made for three years, with possible extension to the maximum of five years. Reasonable travel expenses will be paid and assistance with housing provided. Superannuation is on the FSSU pattern. Further particulars should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth 26 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 19 May, 1958.

CAREERS IN PLASTICS

TURNER BROTHERS ASBESTOS COMPANY LTD, LEIGH ROAD, HINDLEY GREEN, NR WIGAN

have a number of interesting vacancies in their expanding

PLASTICS RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

Applications are invited from specialists at all levels, but we are particularly interested in

TECHNOLOGISTS

preferably possessing ARIC or a BSc degree, to work on the development of reinforced plastics.

These are all pensionable staff appointments offering excellent prospects for promotion in a developing organisation. Good welfare facilities. Apply in writing to Personnel Manager.

THE UNION OF SHOP, DISTRIBUTIVE AND ALLIED WORKERS

(352,000 members) proposes to appoint a full-time EDUCATION OFFICER, whose duties would include the direction and supervision of the various educational services to the Union's members and the organisation of, and lecturing at, schools and classes. Form of application, which is reqd to be completed and returned not later than 22 May, 1958, and further particulars and details of salary and conditions are available on request (in envelope marked 'Education Officer') from USDAW Central Office, 188 Wilmslow Road, Manchester, 14.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF ART

Applications are invited from University graduates for the post of ASSISTANT REGISTRAR. Experience of educational administration and/or teaching an advantage. Teachers' or Local Government superannuation scheme. Salary scale at present £800×£30 to £1,130 p.a. Further particulars and application forms from Registrar, Royal College of Art, Exhibition Rd, SW7.

BBC requires Drama Producer in Birmingham. Professional training in, and experience of, casting and production in broadcasting, television, theatre or films, a lively interest in all forms of drama and ability to administer the work of a programme output department essential. Ability to adapt and edit scripts and a knowledge of music desirable. Salary £1,105 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional), rising by seven annual increments to £1,550 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.608 N. Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

LONDON County Council, Avery Hill Training College, Bexley Rd., Eltham, SE9. Principal: Miss F. Consitt, BA, BLitt, PhD. Required September 1958, Lecturers (men or women) in: (a) English – good honours degree in English essential; some qualifications in speech and dramatic work a recommendation; (b) Divinity – high academic qualifications in Divinity essential. For both posts experience of teaching children of school age essential. Willingness to reside in college a recommendation (residential emoluments). Training College salary. Appointment will be to Council's service with assignment to this College. Application forms obtainable from (stamped addressed foolscap envelope) and returnable to Principal at the College by 7 May. (689.)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Television Producer in Manchester to co-ordinate Television Light Entertainment output in North Region. Actual Television production experience in that field is the most important qualification, but breadth of outlook, general versatility and organising ability are other important factors. Normal starting salary £1,380 rising by seven annual increments to £1,930 p.a. max. but if an exceptionally well-qualified candidate is available for this important post, appointment may be made at a higher grade. Requests for application forms (enclosing envelope and quoting reference G.601, N.Stm.), should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Production Assistant, Television News, in Cardiff. Duties under direction of News Editor: to assist with preparation and mounting of news programmes and topical items, and to direct cameras; to provide editorial briefing for outside assignments; to assist in selection of films and direction of film sequences for news bulletins and other programmes. Good education, capacity to work quickly and efficiently under pressure, and knowledge of Wales and the Welsh language essential. Salary £1,105 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,550 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.603 N.Stm.), should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

ZOOLOGICAL Society of London. Assistant in the Education Department. The Zoological Society invites applications for a post in the Education Department of the Society from Sept. 1958 to March 1959. The duties will consist mainly of giving talks on zoological topics to Secondary School pupils. Candidates should have had experience of teaching in Secondary Schools and should either have a degree in Zoology or a wide knowledge of animals. Salary will be on a supply basis. Applications should be sent to the Secretary, Zoological Society of London, Regent's Park, NW1 (marked 'Education') not later than 9 May 1958.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for a temporary Tutorship in History. Salary between £575 and £625 per annum, according to qualifications and experience. Applications (four copies) should be sent by 10 May 1958, to the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

MIDDLESEX County Council – Education Committee. Full-time Psychiatric Social Worker (female) reqd for work initially at Ealing Child Guidance Centre. Should hold Mental Health Cert. of LSE or prescribed alternative. PTA Salary with London Weighting accdg to age. Permanent, established, subject to medical assessment. Prescribed conditions. Application form (stmpd add. f'scap env.) from Borough Education Officer, 26 Castlebar Road, Ealing, W5, returnable by 10 May (Quote X.328 NSN). Canvassing disqualifies.

COUNTY of Leicester Children's Committee. Applications are invited from suitably qualified women for appointment as Child Care Officer. Extra post due to increase in staff. Person appointed will undertake all types of work in one area of the County. Child Care Certificate preferred. Salary APTI. Apply by letter giving details of age, education, qualifications and exp., with names and addresses of two refs, to Children's Officer, 12 Talbot Lane, Leicester, by 7 May.

FAMILY Welfare Association invites immediate applications for the post of Organising Secretary at their Central Office. Candidates must have good casework experience. Preference will be given to women between the ages of 35 and 45, holding a degree and/or a qualification in social studies. The post is administrative and carries superannuation. Commencing salary £1,000 p.a. Application forms (s.a.e.) from General Secretary, Mr H. R. Durham, Family Welfare Association, Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, SW1.

DEPUTY Matron and one Staff Nursery Nurse required by Coventry Children's Committee for their Residential Nursery, 'The Manor', Tamworth Road, Keresley, Near Coventry. This is a non-training Nursery with 30 places. NMC conditions and salaries, plus £26 local award in certain circumstances. Application forms from Children's Officer, New Council Offices, Coventry.

MARRIED couple reqd at Langley House Reception Home, East India Dock Road, E14. Duties incl. observation and assessment. Salaries: Housefather £505 to £577 10s.; Housemother £437 10s. to £512 10s. each plus £18 10s p.a. for Home Office Cert., less charge for board, etc. Apply Children's Officer (CH/NEDO/383), L.C.C. County Hall, SE1.

FEMALE House Companion, resident, required for care of severely handicapped girls at Ponds Home for Young Adult Spastics, Seer Green, Bucks. For full details and form apply to the Warden.

ITALY. Governess, 25-50, required, 1 child, slight knowledge of Italian, experience with children necessary. Box 9900.

SECRETARY, 23/25, for TV Dept, Advtg firm. Good sal. & prospects. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Labour Party invites applications for the post of Secretary to its Commonwealth Department. Knowledge of Commonwealth affairs & of the Labour Movements in the Commonwealth and Colonial countries; and drafting ability essential. Application forms obtainable from Mr Morgan Phillips, Secretary, Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, SW1. Completed application forms should be returned with specimen(s) of recent work not later than 9 May, 1958.

LIBRARIAN (female) required for reference library in the London Office of the New Zealand Government. Five-day week – Superannuation scheme. Salary in accordance with age, qualifications and experience. Apply in writing to Chief Clerk, 415 strand, WC2.

ASST. Secretary, Woman, 35-45, required. S/Typist, pref. some organising ability, exp. children's welfare work. Hours 10-6, alt. Sats 1.0. Sal. £500 p.a. Apply Sec., Coram's Fields Playground, 93 Guilford St, WC1.

ROYAL Institute for the Blind requires Shorthand-Typist interested in social services work. Good salary and conditions. 9-5.30. No Sats. Pension Scheme. Write or phone, 224 Gt Portland St, W1. Euston 5251.

LABOUR Party headquarters require shorthand-typists, aged 24-35, speeds 120/50 w.p.m. Salary £10 3s. 10d. per week. Superannuation Scheme. Membership of the Labour Party and Trade Union essential. Apply to Mr Morgan Phillips, Sec., The Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Sq., London, SW1.

CLERK/shorthand typist required half-time, five days per week, by Rubber Federation, 43 Bedford Sq., WC1. Applications in writing to the Secretary.

GALLEY-slave required to help keep Fabian publications afloat. Pay (£4 p.w. half-time) and holidays (4 weeks p.a.). Write to the General Secretary, 11 Dartmouth St, SW1 (NB. – Experience of proof-reading and layout is what we really want.)

WEST End Travel Agency requires young woman assistant (21-25) in Reservations Dept. Typing essential. Hours 9-5 and alternate Saturday mornings 9-12.30. £10 p.w. and 2 weeks' holiday this year. Some travel facilities. Box 9873.

WORKING Manageress required for small private hotel, Seafront, South Coast, open throughout year (Winter resort). Average 30 guests. Friendly place used by all public-spirited people. Opportunity for lady who has run guest house, or experienced cook-caterer (cook also employed). If married, husband can be boarded. Also vacancy for practical office lady able relieve manageress off-duty, holidays, etc. In each case write age, experience, remuneration required, when could be free, etc. Faulkner, 139 Oxford Street, W1. Relief cook also required 2/3 days weekly, general duties other days.

DORSET Coast – comfortable home for good cook/housekeeper in modern bungalow near sea & country. No objections to small child. Apply 24 Icen Road, Weymouth.

WOODLANDS Holiday Camp, near Sevenoaks, Kent. Wanted, cook, or assistant cook (female) for summer season.

APOLLO Agency invites enquiries from employers and top-grade office staff, permanent/temporary. 18 Hanover Street, W1. MAYfair 5091.

TRY the Coffee Bar Employment Bureau. 4 Macclesfield Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. 'Phone REG. 7571.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

INTELLIGENT young married woman, 7-months-old child, left alone, requires work with accom. (own furniture). Anything consid. secretarial/domestic, etc. Box 9818.

SEC./sht. (active Labour Party), now free-lance. Union rates. Any hours. Expd political work, MPs, newspaper. Box 9878.

AMERICAN publicity writer, NY agency exp., sks challenging post. Ideas unlimited. Quality writing guaranteed. Box 27.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

'THE Liberal Ghost', a sparkling piece by R. P. Arnot in May Labour Monthly. George James (NUR Executive) writes 'Crisis on the Rails'; 'Wages and the Economic Situation' examined in R. P. Dutt's Notes of the Month. 1s. 8d. post free, from NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

BUDGET? Read Wilhelm Ropke's 'Welfare, Freedom and Inflation' if you want to discuss it intelligently. Cloth 7s. 6d., paper 3s. 6d. Pall Mall Press, 123 Pall Mall, SW1.

EDRIC Connor. Songs from Trinidad. 45 songs arranged for voices, guitar, drum, and bass. Ideal for folk-singers, skiffle groups, and anyone who can play the guitar. 12s. 6d. Oxford University Press Music Dept, 44 Conduit Street, W1.

'THE Humanist' is the journal of Scientific Humanism (monthly, 1s., p.a. 14s.). Spec. copy, 'Living with Reality', and Bertrand Russell's 'Faith of a Rationalist', free. RPA, 40 Drury Lane, WC2.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 6d. monthly from all newsagents.

WORLD affairs, economics, socialism, Russia, communism: books/pamps bought. The Hammersmith Bkshp, W6. RIV. 6807.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

ENCYCLOPÆDIA Britannica, 1947. Supplements till 1953. Year Books 1947, 48, 49. Perf. cond. Best offers. Box 9805.

GERMAN books bought & sold. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., NW8. MAI. 3030.

FELLOWSHIPS & STUDENTSHIPS

AUSTRALIAN National University, Research School of Pacific Studies. Applications are invited for a Research Fellowship in the Department of International Relations. Applicants should have appropriate research experience and be able to initiate and carry out research in the field of International Relations. It is expected that the appointee would participate during 1958-59 in the Department's project on international politics of Southeast Asia. Some acquaintance with or knowledge of the region is sought and competence in the relevant languages would be desirable. The salary range for Research Fellows is £A1,350-2,000 and appointment is made for three years, with possible extension to the maximum of five years. Reasonable travel expenses will be paid and assistance with housing provided. Superannuation is on the F.S.S.U. pattern. Further particulars should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 26 May, 1958.

UNIVERSITY of Manchester. Research Studentships and Research Grants in Economic and Social Studies. Applications are invited for the above studentships and grants, tenable for one year in the first instance and renewable for a further period not exceeding two years. The studentships are normally of the value of £350 or £400 per annum. They are offered to candidates who have obtained the degree of Bachelor or Master in this or any other approved University, and applications are acceptable from students who expect to graduate this summer. The successful candidates will be expected to pursue research in Economics, Economic Statistics, Government, Social Administration, Social Anthropology or Sociology. Applications should be sent not later than 1 July 1958 to the Registrar, The University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

PLEASANT bed-sitting room in Doctor's house. Hot and cold water, gas fire and cooker, own meter. CAN. 4554.

SMALL, sunny, happy room. Delightful home, independent, reputable character. All amenities. Light bkfst, excel. transp. 45s. Write/tel. 8 The Highlands, Edgware 3978.

2 spacious 3-bedrm N. London flats, 'phone, gdn (a) end July-end Aug. (b) 23 Aug.-6 Sept. 8 gns each. Refs Box 9821.

VERY attractive single bed-sit. room, all amenities. 45s. TUDor 8844.

SUNNY attract. divan-room. Compl. built-in kitchenette. Couple or two friends. Good-class accom. Best part Hampstead, near buses. £4 10s. HAM. 7428.

LADY to share facilities of luxury flat, Putney. Own bedroom. Box 9788.

RICHMOND Bridge. Self-contd furnished flat, 2 rms, bath, kit. Six months let from 1 May. £20 per month. Box 9790.

NW1. Fourth girl invited share flat, £10 monthly, own bedroom. Box 9824.

COMF. room, all amenities, in small mod. house of prof. woman (Golders Green), moderate rent. SPE. 6246 after 6 p.m.

ACCOM. offered W1 flat in (f.) owner's absence, univ. terms pref., excl. w/ends. Mod. terms by arrangement. Box 9852.

EAST Finchley. 1st-floor furn. flat available to mid-July. 2 bedrms., sitting-rm., kit. and bath. 4 gns. p.w. Box 9835.

HAMPSTEAD. Lge furn./pt furn. room. Share kit., gdn. £3 5s. PRI. 2016.

IF you want a pleas. spacious rm. (singl./dble.), pleas. atmosphere, next green belt yet only 25 mins. W. End/City, large gdn, linen, light, cooker, etc. Ring HIL. 3751.

FOR cheerful couple with baby, large & small rm, own kit. Rent 50s. & care 2 schoolboys (7 and 8) 4 evenings from 5 p.m. Wils. Green. Box 9785.

OWN room, share mod. flat, cen. htg, fridge, 'phone, all food delivered, offered by woman graduate. 35 mins door-to-door Westminster/City. 35s. p.w. incl. cleaning. TUL. 4475 after 7 p.m. or wkends. Box 9890.

HIGHGATE, large divan-room for lady. Basin, gas ring, use gdn. 35s. TUD. 5302.

NEWLY dec. div. room & kit. (shared). Prof./bus woman. 40s. p.w. MOU. 5438.

HAMPSTEAD, Nr Finchley Rd tube/buses. 2 well furn. rooms in Mans. flat. 5 gns. p.w. Phone HAM. 7258.

37s. 6d. Lge. bright bed-sit. All cons. Dulwich, SE21. Perm./temp. Box 13.

CHEERFUL double bed-sit., light cooking facilities, use bath, in Elgin Avenue, W9, Coloured Students welcome. HAM. 0720.

HIGHGATE Wds. Single bed-sit., own kitchen. View Woods. TUDor 7396.

SUNNY bed-sit. W9, use bath, kitchen (chw) & tel. Mod. rent. Box 9761.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

LARGE sunny divan b./sit., h. & c., ckg facs, balcony, use 'phone & bath. £2 15s. incl. light, heating. TUD. 6911.

LGE pleas. divan sit.-rm, 8 mins E. Finchley Tube. Ckg facs. Mod. gas fire. Baths, linen, etc. 45s. p.w. TUD. 0423.

2 BRIGHT f/rooms, use kitchen. All cons. NW London. Single tenant. Box 9596.

YOUNG gentleman wishes 1/2 others (pref. musical) to part-share spacious flat, SW15. Sep. rooms, sparsely furn. Box 9894.

RICHMOND, period house. Business or professional woman, large pt.-furn. bed-sitting room. All facilities. Box 12.

BROMPTON. One of three men leaving self-contd. top-floor flat. Small bed-sitting room, share kit. & bathrm. 2 gns. KEN. 4375.

ACCOM. with partial board available. Phone MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35, from 52s. 6d. to 90s. partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave, NW3.

SHARE-A-Flat, Ltd, 175 Piccadilly. HYD. 2545. Pleasant clients. References.

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AGENT offers accommodation various positions Norfolk coast, four, six, eight persons, except August. 89 King St, Norwich.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

YOUNG Civil Engineer desires furn. room, fairly central. Box 9846.

CAMBRIDGE scientist wants bed-sitting room May-July, Battersea area. Brkfst/supper preferable. Box 9829.

NZ family (4 adults) requires London flat/house Aug., '58 to Nov., '59. Offers to G., 43 Morshead Mansions, W9.

WRITING-living space reqd. for London couple 4-6 wks from 9 May. Write Marcus, 49, Oakly St, SW3.

COMPOSER and piano req. lge unfurn. room with cooking facs London. Box 9756.

EDUCATION Officer, home on leave from tropics, requires convenient furnished house or flat in or near Norwich, July to mid-October. Wife, one child, baby expected September. Bullen, 11 Abbey Court, Bracondale, Norwich.

PROCRASTINATING Colonial Service couple and harmless baby now urgently need leave accommodation. Mid-July to end of Sept., in S. England – fully furnished cottage/house, seaside or rural preferred. End of Sept. to end of Nov. – fully furnished London flat, centralish preferably. State whether linen and plate provided. Reply airmail to Denby, c/o Audit Dept, Buea, S. Cameroons, B.W.A.

OXFORD. Woman Doctor reqs quiet self-contained furn. flat convenient Radcliffe Infirmary. 2 June to 14 July. Box 9879.

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CANONBURY. Dr's furn. hse 1 yr only from June. 2 dbl., 1 s. beds. Gge, gdn, 10 mns W. End/City. 11 gns. wk. Box 9789.

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3-ROOM flat, gd order, Edinburgh; gas, elec. £630. R.v. £19. Box 9773.

PERSONAL

GERMAN student (m. 20) seeks 5 wks holiday in London family July/August exch. for similar near Munich. Box 9867.

MIDDLE-aged couple would like to spend a holiday in a Rest Home where diets are provided for, and where there is a very friendly and sociable atmosphere. Box 9497.

ARTIST would like to meet patron or collector. Box 9832.

FLAT. Bachelor Arts graduate, 30, sks serious-minded ditto to share pleasant Kensington flat. Refs. Details to Box 9816.

CHINESE lessons, pref. from student, required Hampstead area. Box 9820.

EXCHANGE dble bed-sit. room, kit., bath, Piccadilly Circus, for similar in Paris, 3 to 4 weeks August. Box 9840.

CARE and training for mentally handicapped children who are ambulant and between the ages of 4 years and 16 years (boys 14 years) is provided by National Association for Mental Health at their well-appointed Home in Suffolk. Applications to Secretary, Residential Services Department, 39 Queen Anne Street, London, W1.

PERSONAL—continued

CAMBRIDGE lecturer, wife, new baby, seeks house-exch. somewhere interesting, 2/3 wks. betwn 21 June & 31 July. Box 9770.

YOUNG woman, twenty-three, wishing to learn the various kinds of engraving seeks apprenticeship with London Artistic Engraver or Designer. Box 9591.

AUSTRIAN lad, 16, anxious spend summer holidays with British family. Payment offered, willing be useful. Further details 110 Woodside Rd, Amersham, Bucks.

GRADUATE (28), bachelor, seeks similar share flat in Birmingham. Box 9800.

LAMBRETTA for sale, £120. Phone: KEN. 4375.

YNG wom., exp. sec., needs evg wk. Lon. Babysit, anything consid. Box 9809.

ADVERTISER seeks other readers interested in Gurdjieff's ideas. Box 9797.

INFORMAL Music Group. Players invited to contact Mrs Dunn, HAMpstead 8109.

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JOURNALIST writes speeches, reports, articles, etc. Write Box 6993.

ALDERMASTON March complete photographic record, over 400 photos. Marchers, Speakers, MPs, personalities, children, etc. View selection Triographers, 21 Moorhouse Rd, W2, or tel. PARk 4652 after 8 p.m.

MY Short Stories have 95% success based on my 'Washburn' Skeleton plan. S.a.e. Margaret Airedale (NS), Box 9414.

METHOD Workshop. Authors' training and productions to Actors & Actresses. Write Marowitz, 24 Tregunter Road, SW10.

THE Edinburgh School of Natural Therapeutics. Now enrolling for new class to begin this autumn. Prospectus from Secretary, Kingston, Edinburgh 9.

NEW villa Italian Riviera vacant May, June and Sept. Phone FINchley 0817.

SPAIN, Russia, Rivieras, etc., seats avail. priv. cars touring above 2/3 wks. Autoplaces (E), 139 Strand, WC2. TEM. 5295.

COSTA Brava. Villas and flats to let. Only August full. May and June half price. Details: Dr C. J. Cooper, Burgess Hill, Sx.

'FORMULA for Inventing' explains how to invent, patent, market, your ideas. Detls free: Wainwright, 4 Farnsfield, Newark.

WHETHER you need a photograph or someone wants one of you, remember Anthony Panting. Studio in St John's Wood, 30 Abbey Gardens, NW8.

MARK Gerson, AIBP, ARPS, photographer of literary and stage folk, would be pleased to send his price list of Portraits for Publicity. 61 Seymour St, W1. PAD. 2708.

VITAL Community meets to explore and promote progressive ideas in a pleasant and friendly atmosphere. Write Sec. (D), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

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IF you would still like to speak Italian effortlessly in three months, telephone Setogni, WELbeck 7411 & 2.

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PERSONAL—continued

KING'S College Hall, Champion Hill, SE5, has vacancies for party of 30 visiting London 14-21 July or 25-30 July. Apply Vacation Lettings Secretary.

PROFESSIONAL author, honours graduate, familiar with specialist libraries, can take more abstracting and bibliographical work during the summer. History, economics, sociology, technical. Rewriting and preparation for publication. Confidential. Box 9868.

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FOUR Summer Holidays for Youth. Austria: 27 July-9 August. Camp under canvas at Keutschach, nr. Klagenfurt; £26. Belgium: 2-16 August. Week in Brussels for World Exhibition, week at camp by sea at Heist; £27. Czechoslovakia: 2-16 August. Camp in log cabins at Sobesin and stay in Prague; £35. East Germany: 9-23 August. Tour in beautiful scenery with pocket money included; £42. Apply to British Youth Festival Committee. 351 Goswell Rd, London, EC1. (S.a.e.).

1958 Air Holidays Costa Brava for 39 guineas. Yugoslav Coast for 46 guineas, Southern Spain tour for 50 guineas. The Tyrol for 37 guineas. All holidays include air travel and a full fortnight abroad. Send p.c. for brochure. Wings Ltd, 48a Baker St. NW1 AMB. 1001

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Until 10 May, Evgs 7, mats. Sats 2.30.

28 April	Faust
29 April	Tales of Hoffmann
30 April	Don Giovanni
1 May	Manon Lescaut
2 May	Benvenuto Cellini
3 May (Mat.)	Carmen
3 May (evg)	Barber of Seville

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE COVENT GARDEN

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(formerly Sadler's Wells Ballet)

28 April, 7.30.	Ballet Imperial, Lady & The Fool, Petrushka.
30 April, 7.30.	The Shadow, Giselle.
1 & 2 May, 7.30, & 3 May, 2.0.	The Sleeping Beauty.

COVENT GARDEN OPERA

29 April, 7.30.	Rigoletto.
3 May, 7.30.	La Boheme.
9 May, 7.0.	Don Carlos (in Italian).

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM 3334. Tu./Fri. Evs 8.0. St. Sn. 5.0 & 8.0. The Catalyst. Mems. only.

DUKE of York's. TEM. 5122. 8.0, Sat. 5.30 & 8.30. Thurs. 2.30. Joan Gdeenwood in 'Lysistrata'.

IRVING WHI. 8657. Non-stop Glamour Revue. 2nd Year. Fr. 2.30. Sn. Mems. New edition (7th) commences 28 April.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. Evgs. 7.30. Sat. 5 & 8.15. Wed. 2.30. Till Tonight, Epitaph for George Dillon. 28 April-10 May, A Resounding Tinkle & The Hole.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. Tnt 5, 8. Man of Destiny, & Shaw/Terry letters.

TOWER. 7.30. 25, 26 Apl (Mems 27). 1, 2, 3 May Carroll's 'Shadow & Substance'. CAN. 5111 (3475 bef. 6). Canonbury Pl, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391 'The Ganze Macher' (His Friend at Court), Israeli comedy (in English). Thurs. to Sun. 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

LONDON Harpsichord Ensemble. Works by Vivaldi, Leclair, C. P. E. Bach, Bach, Couperin, J. C. Bach. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Rm, Sat, 3 May, 8.15. WAT. 3191.

DOLMETSCH Concert. Dir: Carl Dolmetsch. Scheit, Stanley, Fasch, Sammartini, etc. Elizabethan Songs (Alfred Hepworth). Royal Festival Hall Recital Room, Wed. Apr. 30, [illegible] p.m. 9s., 6s., 3s. WAT. 3191.

FINE Arts Quartet with Reginald Kell (clarinet). Four concerts at 5.55 p.m. 14 May: Quartet No. 5, Bartok; Clarinet Quintet K.581, Mozart. 16 May Quartets Op. 18, No. 4 and Op. 59, No. 3, Beethoven. 19 May: Quartets Op. 95 & Op. 130, Beethoven. 21 May: Quartet No. 4, Bartok; Clarinet Quintet, Op. 115, Brahms. Tickets 4s. (incl. prog.), Royal Festival Hall, WATerloo 3191.

ICA Music Section, ICA Gallery, 17 Dover St, W1, on Tues. 29 April and Fri. 2 May at 8.15 p.m. Two lectures by Marc Wilkinson on 'Electronic Music and the Use of the Electronic Studio'. Tickets at the door: Members, 1s. 6d. Public, 3s.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns), Films on Artists of The Italian Renaissance (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. American Film Season. Until 27 April: Alec Guinness in 'The Swan' (U). From 28 April: Kirk Douglas in 'Lust for Life' (A).

ROXY, BAY. 2345. W/c Apl. 27. S. Signoret, V. Clouzot 'The Fiends', Fr.-Eng. titles, X. J. McIntire, 'Phœnix City Story' X.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. To-day, 26 April, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. and their guests 5s.

THE Afro-Asian Students Co-ordinating Cttee in UK celebrates Afro-Asian Students Day with Songs and Dances from Africa and Asia, Fri. 25 April 7 p.m. At Gandhi Hall, 41 Fitzroy Sq., W2. Tkts 2s.

EXHIBITIONS

PASTERNAK Leonid. Memorial exhibition opened in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, Monday 14 April. Open daily 10-4, Sun. 2-4.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1, French pictures of the 19th & 20th Century. Bonnard, Boudin, Degas, Derain, Hayden, Maillol, Modigliani, Picasso, Redon, Rouault, Vuillard.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Tancredi – Paintings & Gouaches. Until 2 May. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

PIERRE Montal, 14 South Molton St, Paintings from Provence. 10 to 5.30, Sat. 10 to 1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Reproduction Derain's Blackfriars now published, 50s. plus tax 7s. 2d. from all good printsellers. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d. from 11 Gt Turnstile, WC1.

AN EXHIBITION of 'Design in the Home' this week on the third floor at Woollands of Knightsbridge, SW1, will present a collection of selected designs in furniture, china, glass and tableware from the 11th Triennale of Milan. This is one of many activities forming part of Focus on Europe, a presentation of superlative designs in fashions, fabrics, furniture etc. from twelve European countries and Great Britain.

ARCHITECTURE in South Africa. RIBA, 66 Portland Place, W1. Till 1 May. Mon.-Fri. 10-7: Sat. 10-5. Admission Free.

TURNER House, Penarth, 56 Group. 2nd Exhib. 29 April-1 June. Closed Mons.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Asger Jorn: Paintings 1938-1958. Till 31 May. Daily 10-6. Sats 10-1. Adm. 1s. Members free.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Citron, Morris, Jadot. 29 April-17 May. Daily 10-7 inc. Sats.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Paintings by Dora Maar and Russell Drysdale. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Until 1 May.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Exhibitions: William Harvey, Tercentenary Exhibition; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon-Friday 10-5, Adm. free.

ZWEMMERS, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Rec. Pntgs Julian Trevelyan. From 10 Apr.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W1. Monotypes by Edgar Degas. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond Street, W1. 18th Century Paintings & Sculpture from Italy, France and Germany.

WADDINGTON Galleries. House Exhibition (20th century paintings, drawings and sculptures. Daily 9.30-6. Sat. 9.30-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

GALLERY One, W1 (GERrard 3529). Kemeny reliefs; Max Chapman ptgs.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Robert Colquhoun: retrospective 1940-58. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Adm. free Adjoins Aldgate East stn.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. La Creation de L'Oeuvre Chez Paul Signac. 234 paintings, watercolours, drawings. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-12.30.

JOSEPH Wright of Derby 1734-1797. An Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 18 May. Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Sun. 2-6. Admission 1s. 6d.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Paintings by Marcel Cardinal. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Until 3 May. 142 New Bond St, W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITIES & LEFT REVIEW CLUB
'BEYOND "DECLARATION"'
NORMAN MacKENZIE
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Shaftesbury Hotel, Monmouth St, WC2
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Thursday, 1 May, 1.15.

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invites
Aldermaston marchers and others
interested in Policy against
H-bomb
to Kingsway Hall
Saturday, 26 April, 7.30 p.m.
Correspondence to Derek Walker
25 Norland Sq., Holland Park, W11

H-BOMB Friday, 2 May, 7.45. Now Acland speaks (p. 524) 39, 49 bus Princes Head, Walter St Johns School, High St, SW11. Advance seats 6d. stamps 120 Balham Park Rd, W12. Helpers ring BAL. 7453.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'The Evolution of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade' will be delivered by Mr. E. Wyndham White (Executive Secretary of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade) at 5 p.m. on 1 May at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, WC2. Admission free, without ticket.

RAIL crisis: Aickman, Prosser on 'Civilised transport policy'. Railway Devpt Assn., St Bride's, EC4, Sat. 3 May, 3 p.m.

CENTRAL London Fabian Soc. Discussion on Trade Union Policy and Wages introduced by Philip Thurman. Wed., 30 April, 7.30. 57 Dean St, W1. Vis. 2s.

THE Humanism of Shakespeare. Richard Clements, OBE 11 a.m. Sun. 27 Apr. S. Place Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Write for free 'Record'. Chamber Music Concerts Sun. 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri., 25 April, 8 p.m. Philip Sherrard (St Antony's College, Oxford): 'Bysantium: a living tradition'. Fri., 2 May, 8 p.m. Bishop Antony Bloom: 'Missions of the Russian Orthodox Church'.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Eduardo Paolozzi: Image-Making. God-Breaking. An illustrated statement. Wednesday, 30 April, 8.15 p.m. Admission 3s. Members 1s. 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Jazz Forum: John Dankworth, Dill Jones, Ernest Borneman, Benny Green. Chair.; Vic Bellerby. Monday, 29 April, 8.15 p.m.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Marc Wilkinson: Electronic Music and the use of the Electronic Music Studio. Tuesday, 29 April, & Friday, 2 May, 8.15 p.m. Admission 3s. Members 1s. 6d.

PERSONALIST Group. George Frankl on 'The H-Bomb: the next step'. 20 Buckingham St, WC2, Wed., 30 April, 7.30 p.m.

BUDDHIST Society, Special Public Lecture, Wed., 30 April, 6.30 sharp at Caxton Hall, SW1: 'Zen and Communication', Alan W. Watts (author of 'The Way of Zen'). Tickets 5s. in advance (to defray expenses) from 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Mr Watts will also speak at Caxton Hall on Fri., 2 May at 6.30 on 'Chinese Zen and Indian Yoga' (admission also 5s.). Read 'The Middle Way', 2s. 10d. quarterly post free. All information TAT. 1313.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30, Sun. 27 Apr. 32 Tavistock Sq, Euston. G. M. Gregory, 'Christian Pacifism Militant'.

SWAMI Ghanananda, Sun. 5 p.m., 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Bhagavad-Gita. Tues. Apr. 29,. 6.30, Caxton Hall, SW1: 'March of Philosophy to the One Reality'. All welc. Vedanta magazine 2s. 6d.

'COMING to terms with ourselves': Oscar Köllerström. Lecture at Caxton Hall, Caxton St, SW1, Tues., 29 April, 8.30 p.m. Silver collection.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily, London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Holland Street, W8. 3 May at 6 p.m. Film: 'Hamlet' (with Sir Laurence Olivier).

LECTURES on H. P. Blavatsky's Writings, 8 p.m. Sun. 27 April. Raja Yoga – True Occultism. ULT, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun., 27 April, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m.: Fanny Lines: 'My View of Humanism'.

INDIAN Institute of World Culture, Fri. 2 May, 8.30 p.m. Mrs Mary Webber on 'The Modern Child'. Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gdns, Paddington, W2. (Jayaprakash Narayan Lecture 25 Apr. postponed.)

BEN Uri Lit. Circle presents Gabriel Woolf reading Dylan Thomas, 14 Portman St, W1, Sun. 27 April, 8 p.m.

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LECTURES, COURSES, ETC.—continued

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UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures entitled 'Recent Excavations in Palestine'; (i) 'Troglodytes by Choice or by Necessity: the Caves of Murabba 'at'; (ii) 'A Short-lived Capital: Tirza'; (iii) 'A Jewish Monastery: Khirbet Qumrân' will be delivered by Révérend Père R. de Vaux (Jerusalem) at 5.30 p.m. on 30 April, 2 and 5 May, at the Institute of Archaeology, 31-34 Gordon Sq, WC1. Adm. free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures entitled 'The Critical Study of Papyrus Texts': (i) 'Principles of Papyrus Criticism'; (ii) 'The Criticism of Published Texts'; (iii) 'Criticism and Transcription' will be delivered by Professor H. C. Youtie (Michigan) at 5.30 p.m. on 1, 6 and 7 May at King's College, Strand, WC2. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

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